HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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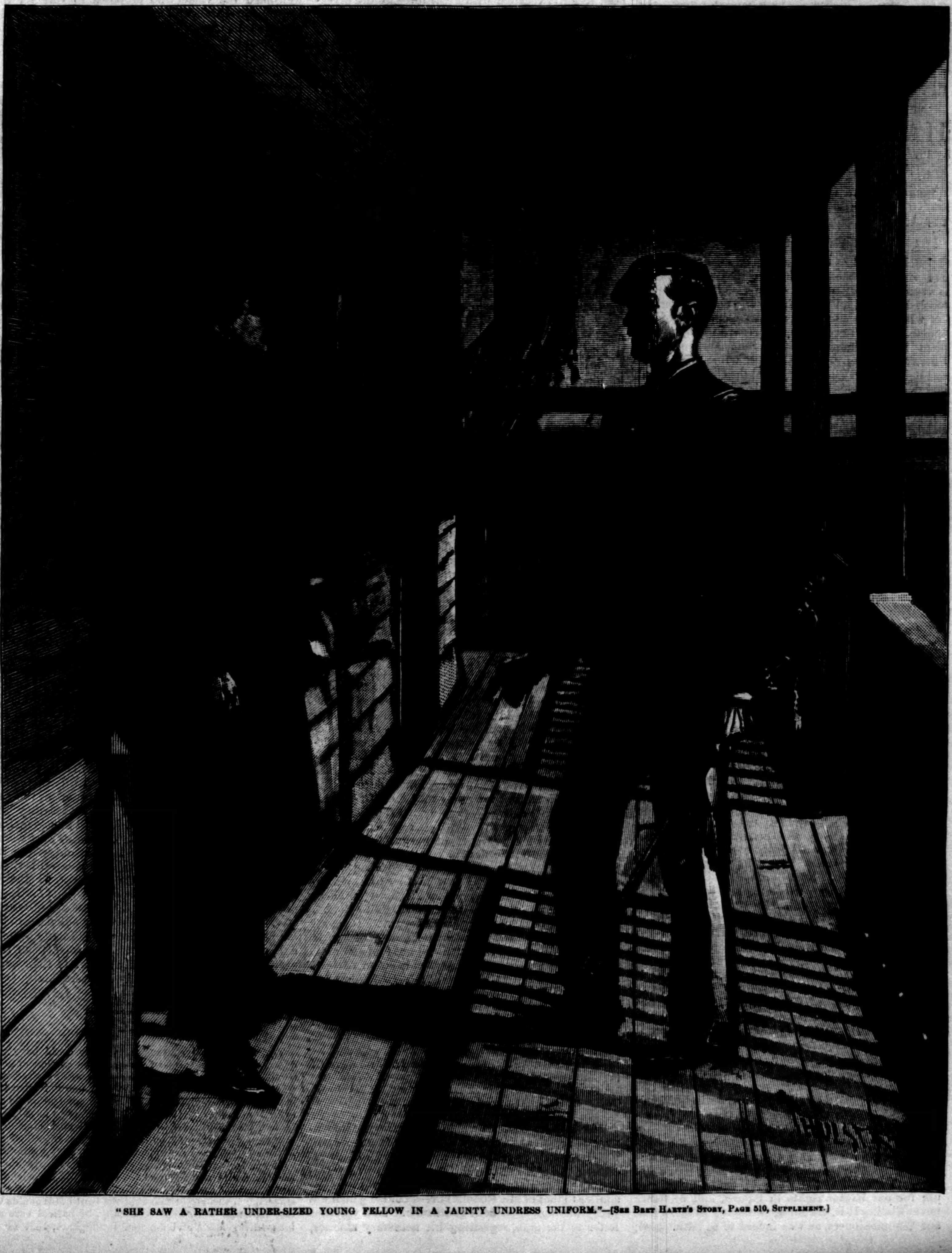

"SHE SAW A RATHER UNDER-SIZED YOUNG FELLOW IN A JAUNTY UNDRESS UNIFORM."—[See Bret Harte's Story, Page 510, Supplement.]

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The summer numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will have an out-door holiday character in keeping with the season. Even more space than usual will be devoted to fiction—short stories and short serials in addition to the serial "Dorymates," by* KIRK MUNROE, *the thirteenth instalment of which is published in the current number.*

Short papers on out-door sports will be a feature of the summer numbers. "Base-ball for Amateurs," by A. A. STAGG, *has already appeared. "Lawn-Tennis," by* VALENTINE G. HALL, *"Cricket," by* CHARLES E. CLAY, *and "Lacrosse," by* HERBERT BALCH, *are among the articles arranged for.* MR. HENRY P. WELLS, *author of "The American Salmon Fisherman," is now contributing three articles on "Fishing and Fishing-Tackle," and* J. HARRINGTON KEENE, *will write about "Bait Fishing."*

Among other timely articles will be DR. FELIX L. OSWALD'S *"Home Studies in Natural History," and* DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT'S *short papers on Common Life in the Fields and Woods.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE SAMOAN SETTLEMENT.

MR. PHELPS, of the Samoan Commission, will arrive in the steamer *Fulda* by the time this paper is issued, bringing with him a copy of the treaty, protocol, or agreement which has been signed at Berlin, but which is understood to await the approval of the Senate. In fact everything in regard to the agreement is "understood" rather than known. Mr. PHELPS was seen upon the *Fulda* before she sailed, and declined, very properly, as all the Commissioners had declined in Berlin, to talk about the treaty until they had reported to the State Department. A summary, however, has been published, which is "understood" to be correct. It is further "understood" that the American Commissioners have displayed great ability, and have secured what our government desired. The work has been accomplished promptly, and if also satisfactorily, it is very creditable to the Commissioners. It is reported that Mr. PHELPS will be appointed Minister to Germany—an appointment which would be generally regarded as satisfactory.

The four points which are supposed to have been settled by the Conference are, first, the restoration of the Samoan king, MALIETOA; second, the payment of an indemnity by Samoa to Germany; third, the establishment of a land court to adjust foreign claims to real estate upon the islands; and fourth, the formation of an advisory council for the king, to be composed of seven members, one to be selected by him, three to be chosen by the Samoans, and one each by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The two facts which strike the observer most forcibly in this arrangement are, first, that in this settlement of the government of Samoa the Samoans had no voice, and second, that the United States have entered into an alliance with two great European powers for the political administration of a small group of islands in the remote Pacific. It is not apparent from anything which has yet been disclosed that our relations with this group of islands are so intimate or our interests in them of such importance that our wise and ancient policy of refraining from foreign alliances of the kind should be abandoned; and the result naturally suggests the inquiry whether we are to extend the policy of which this is the first step, and continue, in concert with other powers, to adjust the governments and settle the domestic troubles of other semi-civilized communities throughout the world. Substantially, the Berlin Conference leaves the question of peace or war between the United States and certain European powers to the chance of events in remote and inconsiderable Pacific islands in which really we have no interest. It draws us without adequate reason within the stormy circle of European politics, and the London *Times* eagerly welcomes our advent as a check upon the power of BISMARCK, saying that Germany "would have to think twice before provoking a collision with the United States over such a question as that of Samoa." The English press naturally compliments us profusely.

The St. Paul *Pioneer-Press*, a paper entirely friendly to the administration, says that "we are participants in the present settlement only because the outcry which we raised over German interference compelled us for very shame to share in the council through which Germany offered a satisfactory settlement." It adds that we have never found any use for our harbor rights in Samoa, and probably never shall. It is, of course, gratifying to know that our Commissioners, as was indeed to be anticipated, have shown great ability. But it must not be forgotten that Germany has not shown herself at any time indisposed to a friendly understanding, and it may be a question whether she may not find some reason for self-congratulation in the fact that it is at Berlin that we have taken the first step toward a departure from our traditional and approved policy.

A LESSON FROM CHICAGO.

IN one of the most celebrated speeches ever delivered in Congress, that of FISHER AMES upon the ratification of the JAY treaty, which in renown, although not in importance or effect, ranks with WEBSTER'S reply to HAYNE, the orator said, speaking of our domestic politics, "Any foreign influence is too much, and ought to be destroyed." This truth has been recently recalled with great force by the investigation of the CRONIN murder at Chicago. As we stated last week, there is a secret society for purposes wholly foreign to this country, which undertakes to deal with its members for what is called "treason," and some of the members entered into a conspiracy for the murder of a fellow-member, Dr. CRONIN, which was duly perpetrated. Such societies in this country should be sternly discountenanced by public opinion, and instead of saying, as some papers say, that the disgrace of such a conspiracy ought not to attach to every member of the society or to the cause in which they are interested, every honest and patriotic journal in the country ought to show that no man who means well should permit himself to join a secret and irresponsible society to promote foreign political objects, because in this country any such society is justly suspected of seeking its objects by methods that will not bear disclosure.

The abject subservience of parties and of public men to such conspirators is one of the shames of the time. There is no excuse or plausible pretext for such associations. Irishmen who are naturalized in this country, and who combine in secret clubs to promote political schemes in Ireland and to take an active part in English politics, show how utterly unworthy of American citizenship they are, and should be plainly told the truth, not flattered and cajoled. Irishmen who are not naturalized, and who enter into clubs for such purposes, and assume to deal with treason, are simply public enemies. There should be no welcome in this country for immigrants who come to abuse the American name and hospitality by making the country a base for foreign politics or crimes. Among honorable and patriotic Americans there is no such welcome, and even among public men, who consider silence or servile speech upon the subject a hard necessity, there are inward disgust and loathing. The multitude of honorable American citizens of Irish birth are peculiarly disgraced both by such associations as that in Chicago, and by such natural consequences of them as the murder of CRONIN. We say natural consequences, because, as FISHER AMES truly said in the speech to which we have alluded, "The only constant agents in political affairs are the passions of men," and a secret club of ignorant persons who hold that certain political conduct is cruel tyranny will inevitably excuse crime to redress it, and stimulate each other to its commission.

All justifiable political objects in this country can be sought openly. There is perfect freedom of speech and of the press, and practically universal male suffrage. If Irish-born American citizens wish to denounce the British government, their liberty of denunciation is unrestrained. If they wish to raise money for the support of members of the British Parliament, or for the relief of suffering tenants, or to pay the costs of Irish suits at law, they may do it freely and without any necessity of concealment. If they wish to express sympathy with individuals, and to contribute money for any honest and reputable purpose, nothing prevents their public action. But if they wish to promote crime, to furnish arms and ammunition to those who are resisting the law in other countries, to send dynamite for the indiscriminate murder of men, women, and children, they are criminals for whom there should be a summary process of law. It would seem to be both the interest and the duty of honest Irish-born citizens in this country to be first and most stringent in the exposure and denunciation of such offences and of the associations which stimulate them. Twenty years ago Republicans used to say, and justly, that it was not enough for decent citizens in the Southern States to disclaim countenance of the Ku-Klux Klan; they should pursue and punish them. So, while there is no energetic Irish protest and action against Irish dynamiters and murderers, the Irish name itself is compromised.

AT THE FEDERAL CLUB.

THE Federal Club, of which Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is president, is a Republican reform association, which recently gave the well-merited honor of a "reception" to Mr. ERNEST H. CROSBY, who as a member of the Legislature has pursued effectively a course similar to that of Mr. ROOSEVELT—a course which has justly distinguished both gentlemen. In a vigorous letter to the club, regretting his necessary absence, Mr. ROOSEVELT spoke very severely of those who, claiming to be non-partisan, are at once well-meaning and futile citizens who, timidly and selfishly refusing to attend primaries and to do their political duty, aid scoundrelism in politics. This view seems to us to overlook one or two vital considerations. Among them is the fact that the present conditions of party organization necessarily exclude from the caucus and the primary not only well-meaning but active and energetic men of strong convictions and high self-respect. At the last general election a New York voter who favored the election of Mr. WARNER MILLER as the candidate of high license and ballot reform would have been denied part in the Republican primary if he had stated that as a friend of tariff revision he should vote for Mr. CLEVELAND. On the other hand, the Democratic primary would hardly have welcomed the voter who proposed to vote for the Republican candidates except Mr. HARRISON. By no act of his own, therefore, and from no timidity or indifference to political duty, such a voter is excluded from the primary.

Again, the implied condition of connection with a party, under the present system, is support of its candidates and measures even when the voter disapproves them. The general reason urged is that the view of the majority ought to prevail. Undoubtedly it will determine the party action. But ought it to prevail so far as to compel individual support of a candidate whom the voter believes to be unfit? It is no reply to this question to say that ours is a government by party, and the voter must choose his party and stick to it, as better upon the whole than the other party. This theory makes honest men the tools of the dishonest, not because the dishonest are more numerous, but because they make politics a business in a manner impossible for other men.

This fact discloses the sophistry of the plea that reform must be sought within the party. This is a proposition which must be greatly limited. It means that good men must stick to the party and get control of it, and then turn it to reform. But if good men confirm the hold of bad men upon the party by supporting their candidates and measures, how soon will the party become an agency of reform? As we have often said, the most unscrupulous party machine asks nothing more than that reform shall be sought by sticking fast to the party. A party will promote honest government when it discovers that it will be beaten if it does not. Mr. ROOSEVELT justly denounces a merely captious spirit in politics. A useful critic of public men and measures must have a fair sense of proportion. Men and measures are to be judged upon the whole. But while this is true of parties, it must not be forgotten that by this rule all parties will be sometimes condemned.

We do not know the constitution of the Federal Club. If it be distinctively a partisan club, requiring that its members shall support whatever the party may do, while they try to make it do well, we certainly honor its aim, but we distrust its method. It is playing fairly and credulously against those whose dice are loaded. As JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE said, in effect, the most conservative of party rights is the right of bolting. Bolters, kickers, mugwumps, independents, are all very disagreeable names for party ears. But it is the spirit which produces those who are called by such names that makes and unmakes parties, and thereby saves the state. If reform had been sought within the party, as many good Whigs advised, there would have been no Republican party. In 1847 CHARLES SUMNER and his friends in Massachusetts decided that the reform which they desired was not to be found in the party with which they acted, and they withdrew to form another, the precursor of the Republican. But whether they had formed another or not, they would not have remained Whigs under the plea that the Democrats were worse, and that reform was to be expected only from the Whigs. There need, however, be no quarrel between honest men bent upon good government, whether or not they take the same view of the probabilities of party action. Mr. SEWARD in 1847 thought the antislavery cause could be best served by adhering to the Whig party, while Mr. SUMNER thought that no effectual antislavery action could be expected from that party. Yet both were equally sincere in their opposition to the slave power, and both were finally great Republican leaders.

JOHN GILBERT.

THE death of no contemporary actor could have produced so general a sense of personal loss as that of JOHN GILBERT. The reason is that no actor was ever regarded with more personal affection. This was so universal that it was sometimes difficult to dissociate admiration for the actor from feeling for the man. Ten years ago he said that he had played eleven hundred and fifty characters. He first appeared in Boston, on the 28th of November, 1828, and his last appearance was in the same city, sixty years later.

It was an extraordinary career for its versatility and admirable use of unusual powers, and for its conscientious and exquisite art. GILBERT had a strong taste for the stage, but it was not at first that the bent of his genius was disclosed, and it was only gradually, by patient care and unremitting labor and devoted intelligence, that he acquired his supremacy. He trod no royal road to success, but passed through all the vicissitudes of his most trying profession. He lived in many cities. He knew the hard privations of the peripatetic actor. But his genius and character and temperament were his triple talisman, and the crown which he attained was the symbol of intrinsic royalty of worth.

To the generation in which he dies, Gilbert was known upon the stage as the most dignified and delightful of old men. There was not a noted character of this kind which he had not made, not so much his own, as himself. He was what he played. The selecter and more familiar old comedy, as it is called, became latterly his especial field, and in certain of its chief parts, Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Peter Teazle, and Squire Hardcastle, he leaves apparently no successor, and it is questionable whether the tradition of those parts will not die with him. The old English quality of such characters was perfectly reproduced. It was a country gentleman or a city gentleman, with a certain courtly grace or rural urbanity, but it was always as English as Robert Walpole or Lord Chatham. All was permeated and invested with the simplicity and charm of his own nature. The man that he was prevailed over all. Admiration and delight in the artist ended in love for the man. This was fully disclosed at the banquet in his honor upon the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance upon the stage, and was felicitously expressed upon the occasion by Mr. Winter. A man like Gilbert, alike in his genius and his character, explains the fond hold of the theatre upon successive generations of men. If it was enough to carve upon the monument of a great writer of plays, "O rare Ben Jonson!" over the grave of this great actor might well be written, "O good John Gilbert!"

OUR FATHERS AND OURSELVES.

In his eulogy upon Mr. Seward, Mr. Charles Francis Adams said:

> "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. Seward on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence."

This was sixteen years ago. How far we have advanced in the direction which Mr. Adams intimates that our fathers would deplore is shown by a recent incident.

In the Republican caucus in New Hampshire which has just nominated Mr. Chandler for a Senator of the United States, one of the members said, openly: "I am here to attend an auction, not a caucus.... Votes have been bought for Chandler on the public streets—$600 for one vote, $1200 for two, and so on up the scale of iniquity." A Senator denied the charges of bribery, and was followed by a Representative who stated that a fellow-member had told him that a bribe had been offered to him. The bribery was further denied. Mr. Chandler then appeared, and that nothing should be wanting to the startling significance of the scene, the newly nominated Senator of the United States, according to the report in friendly papers, actually

> "pledged his sacred honor that he had done nothing undignified, unworthy, or dishonest in the course of the canvass, had spent no money, and had promised no money for votes."

We have no reason to doubt Mr. Chandler's word. But what a glimpse of the political situation the report discloses, and what a view Mr. Chandler must take of his own reputation to feel that at such a moment such a disclaimer was necessary! It is impossible to suppose such a scene at the nomination of John Jay or of Charles Sumner, or of Mr. Edmunds or Mr. Hoar, to any office, or, in such an inconceivable event, to suppose a single word of denial or explanation from them. Yet that the practice which Mr. Adams with deprecation felt had arisen sixteen years ago is even very general now is shown by the universal conviction that a millionaire or corporation candidate for a Senatorial nomination has the advantage over any competitor. This is not always true, as the recent history of New York proves. But the general conviction of the advantage is unquestionable, and it is a fact which is not disposed of satisfactorily by insisting that Mr. Adams was a pessimist, and that our fathers were as bad as we are.

PARTIES AND THE BALLOT LAW.

In striking the party balance of the result of the late movement for ballot reform, it appears that in New York the Democratic Governor and in Connecticut the Republican Governor and Senate are responsible for the defeat of the bill. In the latter State the Governor vetoed it. The House passed it over the veto, then reconsidered, then amended it, and passed it again. The Senate decided that a vetoed bill must be voted upon in the vetoed form, which is probably correct. But that would not have prevented a Senate which was really friendly to the reform from passing the amended bill from the House and sending it to the Governor as a new bill. The Senate is as plainly responsible for the defeat in Connecticut as the Governor in New York.

This fact, however, will not bear too wide a generalization. It shows certainly that the measure cannot be regarded as a Republican measure, but it does not show that such a reform is not much more probable under Republican than under Democratic auspices. This is the kind of calculation which a good citizen is constantly forced to make. All kinds of views upon public questions are held in both parties. They are divided by no lines of definite policy. Mr. Randall and Mr. Gorman are protectionists, and they are both accepted Democratic leaders. In voting for members of Congress and of the Legislature a citizen who desires the best probable result cannot abide by the name of the party; he must consider the candidate and the probabilities.

The probabilities for high license, for ballot reform, and for civil service reform will incline him, other things being equal, to support the Republican candidates, despite such a performance as that in Connecticut. Ballot reformers in that State might decide that they had little to expect from either party, but they would hardly vote for a candidate in the belief that, as a Democrat, he would be more likely to favor reform than his Republican competitor. This statement, which will not be seriously disputed, explains the independence in voting and in commenting upon public affairs which is much more general than ever before.

THE BROOKLYN GUILD.

An enterprise in Brooklyn which takes the name of the Brooklyn Guild is well worthy attention and aid. It may be called a friendly enterprise to distinguish it from a technical charity, for it proposes "a common meeting-ground" of the more and less fortunate in life, a kindergarten, reading-room, and class-rooms, with entertainments—a club, in fact, to satisfy in some degree the higher tastes of those whose circumstances do not otherwise than in such a club permit their gratification. The work will naturally develop itself, and it begins under excellent auspices, Mr. William Potts being the president. The Guild has purchased a suitable home at 245 Concord Street, and it desires the co-operation and aid of all who approve its spirit and purpose.

OFFICIAL VIGILANCE AND VIGOR.

It is obvious that one way to enforce laws is not to appoint agents who do not know what the laws are, and the only way in which the President can enforce the civil service law in offices to which it applies is to appoint as heads of such offices those only who know the law, who believe in it, and who mean faithfully to observe it. When, therefore, Commissioner Roosevelt said to the postmaster at Indianapolis, "I must request you at once to read the law; it is your duty to know the law," he said virtually that the postmaster was unfit for his position, and should not have been appointed.

The spirit and energy with which the new Commission has entered upon its duties is most significant. Whatever Republicans may violate the pledges of the party platform and discredit the professions of the President, the Republican Commissioners of the Civil Service will honorably observe them. Mr. Roosevelt characteristically speaks in an unmistakable tone. He is a strong Republican, but he is not the least afraid to say that he is a Republican reformer, and that reform contemplates a non-partisan minor civil service by means of a competitive examination. If anybody has a more effective practical method to propose, he will gladly consider it. But in the mean while, by the common consent of many eminent Republicans at the head of great offices, the present scheme produces the best results, and he will abide by that until a better is offered. In doing this he stands where Messrs. Ingalls, Blair, and many other Republican leaders do not stand, squarely upon the Republican platform.

It is refreshing to see a man in important public office who has no meal in his mouth, and who tells the truth clearly and strongly. Is there any sensible Republican who does not see that a man of convictions, ability, and courage like Mr. Roosevelt is infinitely more serviceable to his party, as well as to his country, than a man like Mr. Tanner, the Pension Commissioner? Has the Republican party so wholly lost its original impulse and moral virility that it is not aware that the appointment of men like Mr. Tanner to offices of great responsibility is an injury to the party which no rhetoric about veterans can remedy? "The public is not a fool." If the Republican administration had in general frankly and honorably maintained the party declarations and fulfilled the party pledges, as Mr. Roosevelt has done within his official sphere, it would be a very much stronger party in the fifth month of the administration than it is.

"HARPER" FOR JULY.

The July number of Harper's Magazine is thoroughly characteristic, and the special aims and spirit of the Magazine may be readily perceived in it. It is an essentially modern and American spirit. We do not mean that it is limited to distinctively American topics only, but that it reflects the world of to-day as mirrored in the American mind. This, however, permits a most comprehensive range, and excludes nothing in literature or art. Thus in the present number there is an old English poem of two centuries and a half ago, and a sonnet by Wordsworth. But they are illustrated by the modern American genius, and have a certain quaintness, which is due to our remoteness from them.

Mr. Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, writes upon his State of Iowa with a fulness of information and warmth of feeling which make a very valuable article, and Dr. Atticus G. Haygood treats briefly, but effectively and authoritatively, of "The South and the School Problem." Mr. Howard Jenkins's illustrated paper upon the historic Brandywine is exceedingly interesting, and Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's "Les Porteuses" is one of the vivid West Indian sketches in which he is a master. It is not necessary, however, to point out all the papers which justify our general encomium. But this number of the Magazine, like the three numbers immediately preceding, is peculiarly interesting from the novel of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, "A Little Journey in the World."

It is, we believe, his first novel, if we may regard "Their Pilgrimage" as a series of sketches. "A Little Journey in the World" is a story of to-day, the scene opening in New England, and transferred to New York in the third number. There are a freshness and fulness in the treatment which are delightful, impressing the reader with the conviction that the author has something to say. This impression is confirmed by the vivid definiteness of the characters, the brilliancy of the conversation, and the characteristic contemporary tone. Already the heroine is singularly interesting. She reveals a womanly nature of charms and forces which forecast a career not yet clearly discernible. The tale is plainly a picture of American life drawn by a subtle hand, following an eye of keen observation and shrewd appreciation. It shows ripened and easy power, and seems to us sure to arrest general attention.

PERSONAL.

General Sherman's pleasant home on Seventy-first Street, in this city, contains many art treasures, among them being paintings or colored photographs of some of his great battles, notably Vicksburg; the famous interview near the close of the war, at which President Lincoln, Generals Grant and Sherman, and Admiral Porter were present; and a life-size portrait of the General himself in full uniform, painted by Healy at the close of the rebellion. There is also a marble bass-relief of Lincoln, considered one of the finest likenesses of the martyr President in existence. A personal friend recently asked John Sherman what his religious faith was, and he reverently replied: "I believe in God, the Almighty. That is as far as I have got."

—The death of the Rev. Peter C. Oakley, which occurred at his home at Milton-on-the-Hudson, June 15th, deprives the Methodist ministry of an able and devoted worker, and severs one of the links which bind this younger generation to the past. In 1817, when James and John Harper, founders of the present firm of Harper & Brothers, started in the printing business, Peter C. Oakley, a boy of seventeen, was their first apprentice. He continued with them until 1821, when he left to study for the ministry, and for sixty-five years he was an active member of the New York Conference. The remembrance of his early trade was always a pleasant one to him, and he was fond of recalling the days of pioneer printing. He was a lovable man, sincere and earnest in all his undertakings, and his death is felt by all who knew him. His nearest surviving relative is a daughter.

—A term of remarkable efficiency and brilliancy as a citizen soldier has been closed by Colonel Emmons Clark, of the famous New York Seventh Regiment, who resigns after thirty-two years of service in the National Guard, during twenty-five of which he was commander of the Seventh. When the war broke out, and the regiment hastened to the relief of Washington, Clark was captain of the second company, and in 1864, when Colonel Lefferts resigned, he succeeded to the command. During the quarter-century that has followed, the regiment has participated in many important events, always reflecting credit on its colonel.

—The house in which Beethoven was born has been bought by the people of Bonn, and will be restored, as far as possible, to its condition at the time of his birth. It will then be made a museum, where objects illustrating the life and works of the great composer may be collected and preserved. Joachim is the president of the museum.

—The necrologist of Andover Theological Seminary, in performing his work during the past year, devoted much time to looking up a member of the class of 1838 of whom all trace had been lost for many years. He finally found the man living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as the member of a Roman Catholic brotherhood. The priest was near the point of death, but expressed an affectionate regard for his old associates, from whom he had been separated for over half a century.

—Baltimore has a musical prodigy in Lou Allen Sprint, three and a half years old, who is said to possess a remarkable gift for improvising on the piano.

—Professor James Woods McLane, the recently elected President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, was the physician of William H. Vanderbilt, and it was through him that the millionaire offered the college $500,000 and the ground for the new building at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue. Through Dr. McLane's influence, also, Mrs. Sloane, a member of the Vanderbilt family, built and endowed the Maternity Hospital near the college.

—The Vermonters in Washington made a special effort to observe Senator Morrill's recent birthday. He is seventy-nine years old, hale and hearty, and has been in Congress thirty-six years.

—George Hillier, custodian of the Custom-house Building since 1841, is dead. He was formerly a page in the United States Senate, and was appointed to the customs service on the recommendation of Daniel Webster.

—Hiram Hitchcock, one of the trustees of Dartmouth College, and proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in this city, is to erect a hospital at Hanover, New Hampshire, in memory of his wife. It will be made a part of the Dartmouth College Medical Department.

—Ira D. Sankey, the gospel singer, who has been Evangelist Moody's companion in much of his work in this country and Great Britain, has bought a farm in Suffolk County, on Long Island, and will probably spend the remainder of his life there.

—Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has been appointed Military and Naval Historian for Massachusetts by the Legislature of that State.

—Princeton College has given President Harrison the degree of LL.D.

—General Boulanger is enjoying himself during his banishment in London. He dresses like a dandy, makes his way into society, and receives many flowers and kind messages from his friends.

—Few rich people ever could have the distinction of losing $30,000 worth of dogs in a short time; but E. H. Moore, of Melrose, Massachusetts, has recently been bereft by disease of three famous prize-winning mastiffs, which he valued at that sum.

—The University of Edinburgh has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on David Dudley Field, of this city, and William Dwight Whitney, Professor of Sanscrit and Philology in Yale College, both of whom were graduated from Williams College.

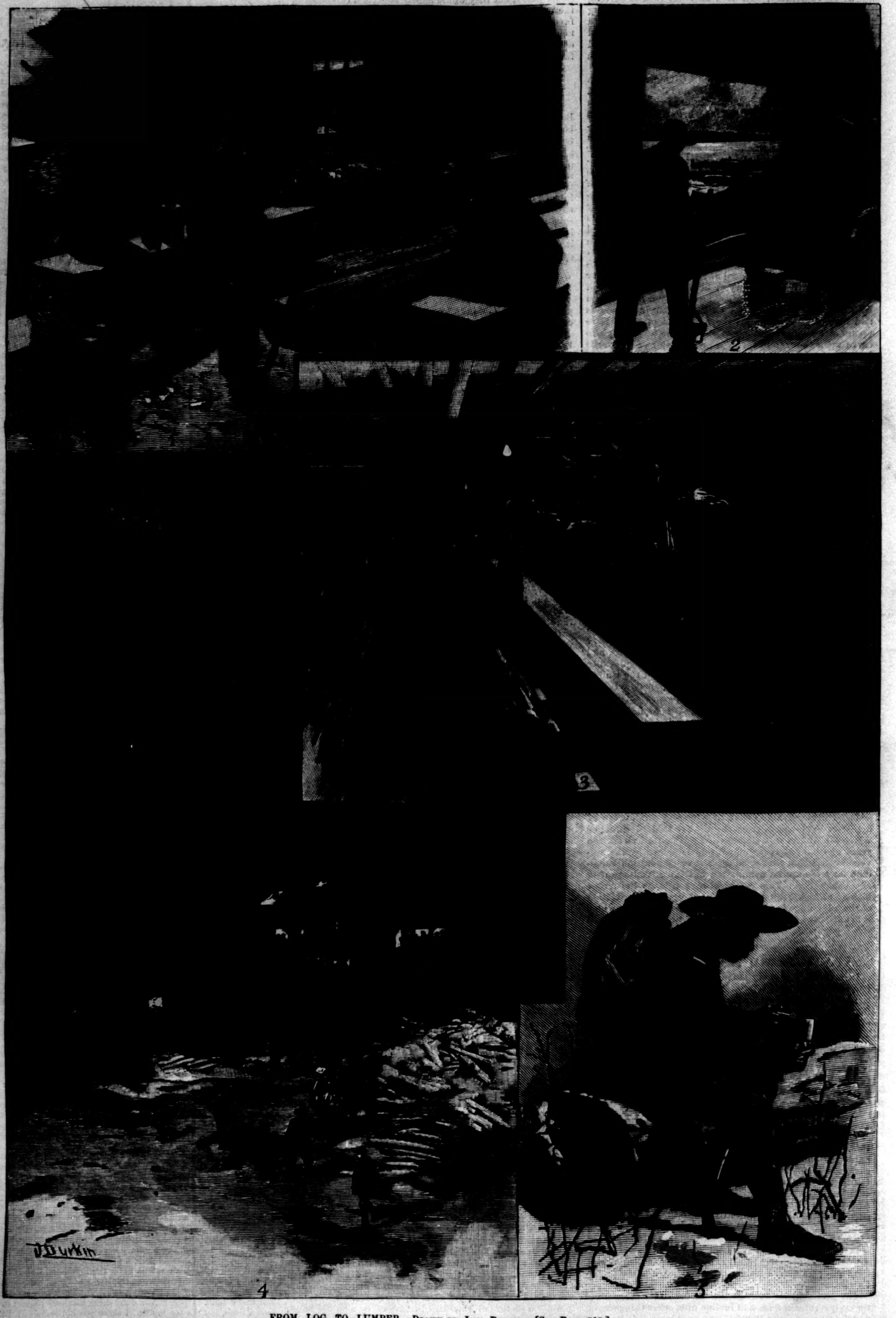
—Rev. William Hosmer, conspicuous in antislavery agitation, and one of the earliest temperance advocates in this country, died last week in Auburn, New York.

—Edward Hanlon, of Toronto, once the champion oarsman of the world, has returned home, after a series of defeats in Australia, well convinced that his rowing days are over.

—Thomas A. Edison claims to need but about four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, although he sometimes breaks over this rule, and feels the worse for it.

—Ex-Minister Phelps will return to his duties as a professor in the Yale Law School with the opening of 1890.

—Among the inmates of the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Maine, is Richard Rowley, who was captain of the guns on the *Kearsarge* when she sunk the *Alabama* off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and performed an act of bravery which probably saved his ship and her crew. The battle had raged for over an hour and a half, when a 100-pound rifle shell from the *Alabama* struck the gun which Rowley was sighting, and fell on the deck, with the fuse still burning. In an instant Rowley picked it up and threw it into the sea, where it exploded just as it touched the water. The sailor's beard and mustache were burned off by the fuse, but he stepped back to his gun and sent a shot into the sinking *Alabama*. Captain Winslow at once gave the order to man the rigging and give three cheers for Quartermaster Rowley. The latter was greatly lionized after his return to this country. Congress voted him a gold medal, he received other valuable gifts, and President Lincoln personally thanked him. For several days before his interview with the President, Rowley had accepted frequent invitations to drink champagne, and probably showed the effects. As he arose to go, Mr. Lincoln gave him a hundred dollars, saying: "Now don't drink too much liquor; drink just a little, but not too much. I know you old sailors all like a little grog, but be careful and not drink too much." Red tape and a rascally claim agent have thus far deprived Rowley of his pension.



FROM LOG TO LUMBER.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 519.]

1. Dinner Hour. 2. The Log Carrier. 3. Sawing the Log. 4. The Refuse Burner. 5. A Logger.

"*Lindau furiously interrupted. 'Yes, when they have gathered their millions together from the hunger and cold and nakedness and ruin and despair of hundreds of thousands of other men, they "give work" to the poor!'*"

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.

XII.

MARCH pushed the door open into a room like that on the left, but with a writing-desk instead of a cobbler's bench, and a bed, where Lindau sat propped up, with a coat over his shoulders and a skull-cap on his head, reading a book, from which he lifted his eyes to stare blankly over his spectacles at March. His hairy old breast showed through the night-shirt, which gaped apart; the stump of his left arm lay upon the book to keep it open.

"Ah, my tear yo'ng friendt! Passil! Marge! Iss it you?" he called out, joyously, the next moment.

"Why, are you sick, Lindau?" March anxiously scanned his face in taking his hand.

Lindau laughed. "No; I'm all righdt. Only a lidtle lazy, and a lidtle eggonomigal. Idt's jeaper to stay in pedt sometimes as to geep a fire a-goin' all the time. Don't wandt to gome too hardt on the *brafer Mann*, you know:

'Braver Mann, er schafft mir zu essen.'

You remember? Heine? You readt Heine still? Who is your favorite boet now, Passil? You write some boetry yourself yet? No? Well, I am gladt to zee you. Brush those baperss off of that jair. Well, idt is goodt for zore eyess. How didt you findt where I life?"

"They told me at Maroni's," said March. He tried to keep his eyes on Lindau's face, and not see the discomfort of the room, but he was aware of the shabby and frowsy bedding, the odor of stale smoke, and the pipes and tobacco shreds mixed with the books and manuscripts strewn over the leaf of the writing-desk. He laid down on the mass the pile of foreign magazines he had brought under his arm. "They gave me another address first."

"Yes. I have chust gome here," said Lindau. "Idt is not very cay, heigh?"

"It might be gayer," March admitted, with a smile. "Still," he added, soberly, "a good many people seem to live in this part of the town. Apparently they die here too, Lindau. There is crape on your outside door. I didn't know but it was for you."

"Nodt this time," said Lindau, in the same humor. "Berhaps some other time. We geep the ondertakers bretty pusy down here."

"Well," said March, "undertakers must live, even if the rest of us have to die to let them." Lindau laughed, and March went on: "But I'm glad it isn't your funeral, Lindau. And you say you're not sick, and so I don't see why we shouldn't come to business."

"Pusiness?" Lindau lifted his eyebrows. "You gome on pusiness?"

"And pleasure combined," said March, and he went on to explain the service he desired at Lindau's hands.

The old man listened with serious attention, and with assenting nods that culminated in a spoken expression of his willingness to undertake the translations. March waited with a sort of mechanical expectation of his gratitude for the work put in his way, but nothing of the kind came from Lindau, and March was left to say, "Well, everything is understood, then; and I don't know that I need add that if you ever want any little advance on the work—"

"I will ask you," said Lindau, quietly, "and I thank you for that. But I can wait; I ton't needt any money just at bresent." As if he saw some appeal for greater frankness in March's eye, he went on: "I tidtn't gome here begause I was too boor to life anywhere else, and I ton't stay in pedt begause I couldn't hafe a fire to geep warm if I wanted it. I'm nodt zo padt off as Marmontel when he went to Paris. I'm a lidtle loaxurious, that is all. If I stay in pedt, it's zo I can fling money away on somethings else. Heigh?"

"But what *are* you living here for, Lindau?" March smiled at the irony lurking in Lindau's words.

"Well, you zee, I foundt I was begoming a lidtle too moch of an aristograt. I hadt a room oap in Creenvidge Willage, among dose pig pugs over on the west side, and I foundt"—Lindau's voice lost its jesting quality, and his face darkened—"that I was beginning to forget the boor!"

"I should have thought," said March, with impartial interest, "that you might have seen poverty enough, now and then, in Greenwich Village to remind you of its existence."

"Nodt like here," said Lindau. "Andt you must zee it all the dtime—zee it, hear it, smell it, dtaste it—or you forget it. That is what I gome here for. I was begoming a ploated aristograt. I thought I was nodt like these beople down here, when I gome down once to look aroundt; I thought I must be somethings else, and zo I zaid I better take myself in time, and I gome here among my brothers—the beccars and the thiefs!" A noise made itself heard in the next room, as if the door were furtively opened, and a faint sound of tiptoeing and of hands clawing on a table. "Thiefs!" Lindau repeated, with a shout. "Lidtle thiefs, that gabture your breakfast. Ah! ha! ha!" A wild scurrying of feet, joyous cries and tittering, and a slamming door followed upon his explosion, and he resumed in the silence: "Idt is the children cot pack from school. They gome and steal what I leaf there on my daple. Idt's one of our lidtle chokes; we onderstand each other; that's all right. Once the goppler in the other room there he use to chase 'em; he couldn't onderstand their lidtle tricks. Now dot goppler's teadt, and he ton't chase 'em any more. He was a Bohemian. Gindt of grazy, I cuess."

"Well, it's a sociable existence," March suggested. "But perhaps if you let them have the things without stealing—"

"Oh no, no! Most nodt mage them too gonceitedt. They mostn't go and feel themselfs petter than those boor millionairss that hadt to steal their money."

March smiled indulgently at his old friend's violence. "Oh, there are fagots and fagots, you know, Lindau; perhaps not all the millionaires are so guilty."

"Let us speak German," cried Lindau, in his own tongue, pushing his book aside, and thrusting his skull-cap back from his forehead. "How much money can a man honestly earn without wronging or oppressing some other man?"

"Well, if you'll let me answer in English," said March, "I should say about five thousand dollars a year. I name that figure because it's my experience that I never could earn more; but the experience of other men may be different, and if they tell me they can earn ten, or twenty, or fifty thousand a year, I'm not prepared to say they can't do it."

Lindau hardly waited for his answer. "Not the most gifted man that ever lived, in the practice of any art or science, and paid at the highest rate that exceptional genius could justly demand from those who have worked for their money, could ever earn a million dollars. It is the landlords and the merchant princes, the railroad kings and the coal barons (the oppressors whom you instinctively give the titles of tyrants)—it is these that *make* the millions, but no man *earns* them. What artist, what physician, what scientist, what poet was ever a millionaire?"

"I can only think of the poet Rogers," said March, amused by Lindau's tirade. "But he was as exceptional as the other Rogers, the martyr, who died with warm feet." Lindau had apparently not understood his joke, and he went on, with the American ease of mind about everything: "But you must allow, Lindau, that some of those fellows don't do so badly with their guilty gains. Some of them give work to armies of poor people—"

Lindau furiously interrupted. "Yes, when they have gathered their millions together from the hunger and cold and nakedness and ruin and despair of hundreds of thousands of other men, they 'give work' to the poor! They *give* work! They allow their helpless brothers to earn enough to keep life in them! They give *work!* Who is it gives *toil*, and where will your rich men be when once the poor shall refuse to give toil? Why, you have come to give *me* work!"

March laughed outright. "Well, I'm not a millionaire, anyway, Lindau, and I hope you won't make an example of me by refusing to give toil. I dare say the millionaires deserve it, but I'd rather they wouldn't suffer in my person."

"No," returned the old man, mildly, relaxing the fierce glare he had bent upon March. "No man deserves to suffer at the hands of another. I lose myself when I think of the injustice in the world. But I must not forget that I am like the worst of them."

"You might go up Fifth Avenue and live among the rich awhile, when you're in danger of that," suggested March. "At any rate," he added, by an impulse which he knew he could not justify to his wife, "I wish you'd come some day and lunch with their emissary. I've been telling Mrs. March about you, and I want her and the children to see you. Come over with these things and report." He put his hand on the magazines as he rose.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"I will come," said Lindau, gently.

"Shall I give you your book?" asked March.

"No; I gidt oap bretty soon."

"And—and—can you dress yourself?"

"I vhistle, and one of those lidtle fellowss comess. We haf to dake gare of one another in a blace like this. Idt iss nodt like the worldt," said Lindau, gloomily.

March thought he ought to cheer him up. "Oh, it isn't such a bad world, Lindau! After all, the average of millionaires is small in it." He added, "And I don't believe there's an American living that could look at that arm of yours and not wish to lend you a hand for the one you gave us all." March felt this to be a fine turn, and his voice trembled slightly in saying it.

Lindau smiled grimly. "You think zo? I wouldn't moch like to drost 'em. I've driedt idt too often." He began to speak German again fiercely: "Besides, they owe me nothing. Do you think I knowingly gave my hand to save this oligarchy of traders and tricksters, this aristocracy of railroad wreckers and stock gamblers and mine-slave drivers and mill-serf owners? No; I gave it to the slave; the slave—ha! ha! ha!—whom I helped to unshackle to the common liberty of hunger and cold. And you think I would be the beneficiary of such a state of things?"

"I'm sorry to hear you talk so, Lindau," said March; "very sorry." He stopped with a look of pain, and rose to go. Lindau suddenly broke into a laugh and into English.

"Oh, well, it is only dalk, Passil, and it toes me goodt. My parg is worse than my pidte, I cuess. I pring these things roundt bretty soon. Good-by, Passil, my tear poy. *Auf wiedersehen!*"

XIII.

March went away thinking of what Lindau had said, but not for the impersonal significance of his words so much as for the light they cast upon Lindau himself. He thought the words violent enough, but in connection with what he remembered of the cheery, poetic, hopeful idealist, they were even more curious than lamentable. In his own life of comfortable revery he had never heard any one talk so before, but he had read something of the kind now and then in blatant labor newspapers which he had accidentally fallen in with, and once at a strikers' meeting he had heard rich people denounced with the same frenzy. He had made his own reflections upon the tastelessness of the rhetoric, and the obvious buncombe of the motive, and he had not taken the matter seriously.

He could not doubt Lindau's sincerity, and he wondered how he came to that way of thinking. From his experience of himself he accounted for a prevailing literary quality in it; he decided it to be from Lindau's reading and feeling rather than his reflection. That was the notion he formed of some things he had met with in Ruskin to much the same effect; he regarded them with amusement as the chimeras of a rhetorician run away with by his phrases.

But as to Lindau, the chief thing in his mind was a conception of the droll irony of a situation in which so fervid a hater of millionaires should be working, indirectly at least, for the prosperity of a man like Dryfoos, who, as March understood, had got his money together out of every gambler's chance in speculation, and all a schemer's thrift from the error and need of others. The situation was not more incongruous, however, than all the rest of the *Every Other Week* affair. It seemed to him that there were no crazy fortuities that had not tended to its existence, and as time went on, and the day drew near for the issue of the first number, the sense of this intensified till the whole lost at moments the quality of a waking fact, and came to be rather a fantastic fiction of sleep.

Yet the heterogeneous forces did co-operate to a reality which March could not deny, at least in their presence, and the first number was representative of all their nebulous intentions in a tangible form. As a result, it was so respectable that March began to respect these intentions, began to respect himself for combining and embodying them in the volume which appealed to him with a novel fascination, when the first advance copy was laid upon his desk. Every detail of it was tiresomely familiar already, but the whole had a fresh interest now. He now saw how extremely fit and effective Miss Leighton's decorative design for the cover was, printed in black and brick-red on the delicate gray tone of the paper. It was at once attractive and refined, and he credited Beaton with quite all he merited in working it over to the actual shape. The touch and the taste of the art editor were present throughout the number. As Fulkerson said, Beaton had caught on with the delicacy of a humming-bird and the tenacity of a bull-dog to the virtues of their illustrative process, and had worked it for all it was worth. There were seven papers in the number, and a poem on the last page of the cover, and he had found some graphic comment for each. It was a larger proportion than would afterward be allowed, but for once in a way it was allowed. Fulkerson said they could not expect to get their money back on that first number anyway. Seven of the illustrations were Beaton's; two or three he got from practiced hands; the rest were the work of unknown people which he had suggested, and then related and adapted with unfailing ingenuity to the different papers. He handled the illustrations with such sympathy as not to destroy their individual quality, and that indefinable charm which comes from good amateur work in whatever art. He rescued them from their weaknesses and errors, while he left in them the evidence of the pleasure with which a clever young man, or a sensitive girl, or a refined woman had done them. Inevitably from his manipulation, however, the art of the number acquired homogeneity, and there was nothing casual in its appearance. The result, March eagerly owned, was better than the literary result, and he foresaw that the number would be sold and praised chiefly for its pictures. Yet he was not ashamed of the literature, and he indulged his admiration of it the more freely because he had not only not written it, but in a way had not edited it. To be sure, he had chosen all the material, but he had not voluntarily put it all together for that number; it had largely put itself together, as every number of every magazine does, and as it seems more and more to do, in the experience of every editor. There had to be, of course, a story, and then a sketch of travel. There was a literary essay and a social essay; there was a dramatic trifle, very gay, very light; there was a dashing criticism on the new pictures, the new plays, the new books, the new fashions; and then there was the translation of a bit of vivid Russian realism, which the editor owed to Lindau's exploration of the foreign periodicals left with him; Lindau was himself a romanticist of the Victor Hugo sort, but he said this fragment of Dostoyevski was good of its kind. The poem was a bit of society verse, with a backward look into simpler and wholesomer experiences.

Fulkerson was extremely proud of the number; but he said it was too good—too good from every point of view. The cover was too good, and the paper was too good, and that device of rough edges, which got over the objection to uncut leaves while it secured their æsthetic effect, was a thing that he trembled for, though he rejoiced in it as a stroke of the highest genius. It had come from Beaton at the last moment, as a compromise, when the problem of the vulgar croppiness of cut leaves and the unpopularity of uncut leaves seemed to have no solution but suicide. Fulkerson was still morally crawling round on his hands and knees, as he said, in abject gratitude at Beaton's feet, though he had his qualms, his questions; and he declared that Beaton was the most inspired ass since Balaam's. "We're all asses, of course," he admitted, in semi-apology to March; "but we're no such asses as Beaton." He said that if the tasteful decorativeness of the thing did not kill it with the public outright, its literary excellence would give it the finishing stroke. Perhaps that might be overlooked in the impression of novelty which a first number would give, but it must never happen again. He implored March to promise that it should never happen again; he said their only hope was in the immediate cheapening of the whole affair. It was bad enough to give the public too much quantity for their money, but to throw in such quality as that was simply ruinous; it must be stopped. These were the expressions of his intimate moods; every front that he presented to the public wore a glow of lofty, of devout exultation. His pride in the number gushed out in fresh bursts of rhetoric to every one whom he could get to talk with him about it. He worked the personal kindliness of the press to the utmost. He did not mind making himself ridiculous or becoming a joke in the good cause, as he called it. He joined in the applause when a humorist at the club feigned to drop dead from his chair at Fulkerson's introduction of the topic, and he went on talking that first number into the surviving spectators. He stood treat upon all occasions, and he lunched attachés of the press at all hours. He especially befriended the correspondents of the newspapers of other cities, for, as he explained to March, those fellows could give him any amount of advertising simply as literary gossip. Many of the fellows were ladies who could not be so summarily asked out to lunch, but Fulkerson's ingenuity was equal to every exigency, and he contrived somehow to make each of these feel that she had been possessed of exclusive information. There was a moment when March conjectured a willingness in Fulkerson to work Mrs. March into the advertising department, by means of a tea to these ladies and their friends which she should administer in his apartment, but he did not encourage Fulkerson to be explicit, and the moment passed. Afterward, when he told his wife about it, he was astonished to find that she would not have minded doing it for Fulkerson, and he experienced another proof of the bluntness of the feminine instincts in some directions, and of the personal favor which Fulkerson seemed to enjoy with the whole sex. This alone was enough to account for the willingness of these correspondents to write about the first number, but March accused him of sending it to their addresses with boxes of Jacqueminot roses and Huyler candy.

Fulkerson let him enjoy his joke. He said that he would do that or anything else for the good cause, short of marrying the whole circle of female correspondents.

March was inclined to hope that if the first number had been made too good for the country at large, the more enlightened taste of metropolitan journalism would invite a compensating favor for it in New York. But first Fulkerson and then the event proved him wrong. In spite of the quality of the magazine, and in spite of the kindness which so many newspaper men felt for Fulkerson, the notices in the New York papers seemed grudging and provisional to the ardor of the editor. A merit in the work was acknowledged, and certain defects in it for which March had trembled were ignored; but the critics astonished him by selecting for censure points which he was either proud of or had never noticed; which being now brought to his notice he still could not feel were faults. He owned to Fulkerson that if they had said so and so against it, he could have agreed with them, but that to say thus and so was preposterous; and that if the advertising had not been adjusted with such generous recognition of the claims of the different papers, he should have known the counting-room was at the bottom of it. As it was, he could only attribute it to perversity or stupidity. It was certainly stupid to condemn a magazine novelty like *Every Other Week* for being novel; and to augur that if it failed, it would fail through its departure from the lines on which all the other prosperous magazines had been built, was in the last degree perverse, and it looked malicious. The fact that it was neither exactly a book nor a magazine ought to be for it and not against it, since it would invade no other field; it would prosper on no ground but its own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BUILDING OF OKLAHOMA.

If the occupation of Oklahoma on April 22d had left in the public mind any room for surprise and wonder, the subsequent growth of the new country would have been considered the most bewildering instance yet known of Western enterprise and business progress. With the human capacity for wonderment completely run out, however, the returning visitor to Oklahoma City, Guthrie, and other of new towns in Oklahoma, can only feebly exclaim and marvel and feel confused at the change brought about in a few weeks. That Oklahoma would, in the first two months of its existence, get much beyond its chaotic state of tents and hap-hazard existence was not thought possible even by those enthusiasts whose imaginations were as rosy as the soil of the Oklahoma uplands; that it would in that time have better buildings than many Western towns ten years old was simply not thought of at all. There are some things that even the mind of the Western real estate speculator cannot grasp. The scramble for town lots and quarter sections of land on the opening day had been expected weeks in advance, and men had made their plans accordingly; yet few persons believed that the new towns would settle down to serious work in less than at least six months' time. As events have come about, however, the practical side of Oklahoma has overshadowed its picturesque features to a degree not often known in the settlement of the West. Oklahoma as a picturesque incident of Western civilization has already yielded place to Oklahoma as a practical town-builder. This in itself is remarkable, for the reason that most Western towns retain their picturesque features long after the streets are laid out and a corporate existence established. The wonderful rapidity with which Oklahoma City and Guthrie merged from what at first appeared to be confused camps of holiday excursionists into matter-of-fact towns of excessively practical ways of thought, showed plainly the dominating influence of the experienced Kansas town-builder. No people other than those who had grown skilful in the work of building pioneer towns in the West could have created a town of such compactness, completeness, and future promise as Oklahoma City in the incredibly short space of time of two months. The result shows that the new citizens of Oklahoma had planned what to do weeks ahead, that they had ordered their lumber and other building supplies, and that, with the exception of delays unavoidable in a pioneer country, they had carried out their arrangements like clock-work. In the old days of town-building in the West the pioneers felt their way cautiously from day to day, resting content if at the end of a year they had succeeded in giving their settlement something the appearance of ordinary civilization. The Oklahoma pioneer built his place of residence and moved his family into it, and put up his store and began every-day business, all in three or four weeks. In some cases these things were done, and done well, in less than ten days' time. In the newer West the building of a town is no longer a hap-hazard and doubtful experiment; it is a science capable of the most minute demonstration.

At first Oklahoma City was rather slow in beginning its substantial building operations. Guthrie had a long lead of it; but afterward what the slower town lacked in speed it more than made good in the size and permanent character of its buildings. It seemed as though the Oklahoma City people had first made certain of the fertile nature of the North Canadian Valley soil, and then carried out their building plans with quadrupled energy and confidence. The building activity of the town during the two weeks ending May 22d was amazing. On a reasonable estimate there were eight hundred buildings within the city limits on May 22d. Of this number at least six hundred represented the work of two weeks. Naturally the structures were of wood, but many of them were built in a rather substantial and pretentious manner. One block of six buildings, two and a half stories in height, was ready for use on June 1st.

With the top of the water-tank at the Santa Fe Railway station as a point of view, the new Oklahoma City is seen to be a reasonably compact and judiciously built town, with half a dozen business streets and numerous well-chosen residence thoroughfares. Interspersed among the hundreds of one and two story buildings are scores of tents that still give a passing touch of reality to the almost dim and misty pioneer days of April 22d. The streets are crowded with men and teams engaged in all manner of pursuits, from hauling lumber and other freight to grading the roadways as provided by formal ordinances of the new City Council. The busy hammer and the complaining saw set to familiar music the poetry of progress that fills every Western man's heart in such scenes as this. To the full-veined town-builder these early Oklahoma days are as so many years of unalloyed joy. His pulses thrill; his enthusiastic mind takes on an added brilliance, and he waylays the unoffending and bewildered stranger in the streets, and confidently predicts things that no man will ever see verified. A spirit of elation is in the air. The real estate agent is speechless with emotion. He points to the large business blocks, to the new hotels, to the imposing Mayor's Office, and to the graded streets, and mutely demands that the visitor shall swoon with wonder. This is the only instance that has as yet come under my notice in which the growth of the town has had a paralyzing effect upon the real estate men. It has outstripped their faculties of comprehension so completely that they have failed to keep within sight of it. I fancy that the real estate men feel something of a sense of injury at this reprehensible action on the part of the town. That any town should in a few weeks grow from nothing to be a creditably built place of five or six thousand people, without giving the real estate men an opportunity of turning over several fortunes each, was something so altogether extraordinary that the defrauded agents could only helplessly bewail a wasted opportunity. Now that the town is already full grown, the realty men will doubtless have little to do beyond the arranging of loans on farm improvements. From present indications this will not be a profitable employment for five years to come. As loans cannot be made on property to which there is no legal title, the business of the mortgage companies will not begin until the farmers prove up on their homesteads, five years from the date of settlement. There are no pre-emptions in Oklahoma. It is not customary for farmers to put many valuable improvements on homesteads, even when able to do so, before an iron-clad title is obtained from the government. Thus the mortgage companies will have very little in the way of good security to make loans upon until after the lapse of five years. This will prove of genuine benefit to the new country, for the reason that the farmers will not burden themselves with unnecessary debts, as in too many parts of the great West.

Notwithstanding the cheerless outlook for real estate and loan men in Oklahoma, there seems to be plenty of them seeking business. Transactions in realty are confined to the sales of relinquishments to claims on town lots and quarter sections of farming lands. On this basis the real estate dealer has by no means an alluring chance of making a fortune. Instead of being a detriment to the growth of the town, as many persons might suppose, it will be of actual benefit, for the reason that there will arise no opportunity for the working up of one of those speculative "booms" that now and then bring ruin to many a promising Western town. If booms were conducted for the good of the town only, and not for the selfish purposes of individual speculators, they would be unobjectionable; but such a state of things is too much to expect. Except in very rare cases, boomers are not philanthropists. It is fortunate that Oklahoma has nothing to fear from a real estate boom.

Nothing short of a repetition of the pioneer days, however, would be called a boom in Oklahoma, and yet that cannot be hoped for there, and perhaps not elsewhere in the United States. To the person who did not take part in the rush of April 22d, and who has not seen the towns of a few weeks' growth, it is difficult to explain satisfactorily the miracle of the occupation of Oklahoma. It is as though one were to walk over the sand-dunes of Fire Island one day, and upon returning, a week or so later, find the waste places packed thick with comfortable houses and commodious business blocks. The comparison would be better understood, too, if Fire Island were one hundred miles, instead of eight, from civilization. To say that eight hundred buildings were erected in Oklahoma City in one month, eight hundred in Guthrie, and nearly as many in Kingfisher, Reno, and the rest of the Oklahoma towns, makes only a faint impression upon a person's mind as compared with that produced by two visits, thirty days apart, to the scenes of the actual occurrence. This amazing growth of Oklahoma loses in the telling, because no man can adequately describe what he saw or what he felt. The wonder of Oklahoma's growth is not so much a matter of mere houses and stores and graded streets as an undefinable impression of an almost instantaneous concentration of modern civilization in one of the waste places of the earth. Yet in appearance, and also in the every-day conduct of affairs, there is little of the miraculous in Oklahoma. Many persons who went there to witness the hilarity and erratic conduct of the new towns find life painfully prosaic and dull. Even the gambling-houses, divested of their chief element of peril to human life by the enforced absence of intoxicating liquors, are wretchedly uninteresting and dismal, especially to the jaded men from Leadville, Deadwood, and other mining camps that have made their names and had their day.

The people of Oklahoma City mean to maintain their present excellent reputation, and to add to it as their town grows in commercial importance and population. They have already decided in their own minds that they will get the capital when the prospective Territory of Oklahoma becomes a reality, and they are willing to wager various sums of money that the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad will cross the Santa Fe at their town. They assert that their tributary country is the richest in Oklahoma, and that the North Canadian Valley alone is capable of supporting a town of five thousand inhabitants. At present this is little more than a matter of mere assertion, as nothing short of a two years' test of the soil will show its value.

The people of Guthrie, Kingfisher, and Reno are equally confident of the prospects of their towns. In Guthrie the confidence is so serene that a tract of ten acres of land has been set apart for the new Capitol. This faith has hardly been borne out by works as yet, for few of the buildings of Guthrie impress the visitor with a sense of permanency. Many of the structures are portable, like the movable houses of railroad-builders. If necessary, the cracks in some of them would serve also as windows. The unpretentious nature of the houses and places of business does not prevent the new citizens from asserting a most steadfast faith in the stability and continued prosperity of their chosen town. They point to their five banks, their two daily newspapers, their water-works, and their mercantile establishments in proof of the reasonableness of their faith. A leading banker of the place, in assuring me that business was everything that could be wished, declared that Guthrie was and would continue to be the best town in the Southwest.

"What is there here to make business good?" I asked, as I watched him charge up his depositors fifty cents a hundred exchange on Kansas banks.

"Well, sir," he replied, "there are more men with money in this town than in any place of its size in the country. They make business good."

"Who supports the town?"

"They do."

"Who supports them?"

"Nobody. They've got their own money, I tell you, and they don't need support."

"But these men came here to make money, not to spend it. Who will support them when their investments are all made?"

"Why, the farmers. You needn't smile, sir, because there is the finest soil around this town that you ever ran a plough through. Why, sir, the farmers will all be rich when they get their first crop."

"That will be a year from next fall, if they have good luck. Who is to support the town, the men of business, and the farmers for eighteen months?"

"Now you are looking too far ahead, and I've been so busy right here in this bank that I have not had time to look into these things."

This question of supporting the town, the business men, and the farmers will be a serious one after a time. Why should they bother about it now, while the breeze of prosperity sings in the new rigging like an Æolian harp? In the philosophy of some men to-morrow will take care of itself; if not, the day after to-morrow will.

Guthrie is trusting a great deal in the future, and living pleasantly in the present. There is a certain air of frankness about many of her citizens that interests the stranger greatly. In the early days of Guthrie a commotion was made about chasing gamblers out of town. On my return there a month later I found gambling-places remarkably numerous in the principal streets. I recalled to the mind of a Deputy United States Marshal the spasm of righteous indignation of the first week.

"Oh, those were the shell gamblers that we ran out," said he, in explanation. "We let the decent, respectable gamblers stay."

"The decent, respectable gamblers? I don't quite understand."

"Why, the faro men, and the three-card-monte and keno players, you know; and roulette, and chuck-a-luck, and all that kind of play."

Later in the day I sat at table in a restaurant with two of these decent, respectable persons. While their food was being prepared they played several creditable duets on guitar and banjo, first asking politely if music annoyed me. Save for the gambler's distinguishing look, which comes into the eyes only when heart and soul have gone, I might easily have fancied them careless troubadours drifted in from some more leisurely latitude of an older civilization. Guthrie has far too many of these people. By permitting them to do business in her main streets she simply handicaps herself in the race that she must run against Oklahoma City and Kingfisher for commercial supremacy. I do not think that this matter of supremacy will be established permanently this year. The Frisco road is yet to be built, the Rock Island has not yet completed its Indian Territory extension, and the Cherokee outlet is waiting for the white man's plough. These things have so important a bearing on the building of a commercial centre that the selection of Capitol sites now is somewhat premature.

WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

THE TEACHER.

If as a Teacher, wise, and strong, and great,
Into my life, then, you had come that day,
And bade me listen as to who should say
Things grand and sweet to help me bear my fate,
Full well I know I had refused to wait,
And from your side had darted quick away,
Not over-eager at your feet to lay
Homage for which all asking comes too late.
But listening you came, with eager eyes
Seeming to bend your head to catch my thought;
And straightway in my heart did there arise
Things brave and sweet to meet yours, so inwrought
With yours, I knew not, in the swift surprise,
Which was the Teacher, which the humbly taught.

A. W. R.

AMONG THE LOGGERS.

Few persons who are not in some way actually engaged in the lumber business have any adequate idea of the magnitude of the industry, and none who have not been with the loggers in the forest, and also seen the actual hauling, "driving," and sawing of the logs, can realize the wonderful picturesqueness of a traffic which, as the scientists tell us, is rapidly changing the face of nature and the very climate of our country. The illustrations on another page are suggestions of hundreds of pictures to be seen in the great pine woods of the Northwest, and about the great saw-mills as well, any one of which is a feast for an artist's eye.

The men who do the "logging" are a race of giants. More than almost any other, their work calls for a giant's strength and for almost superhuman powers of endurance. They are not long-lived. The exposures and hardships of the calling are enough to break down the hardiest constitution, and the temptations to dissipation after a winter in camp are as strong as those that assail the sailor after a long cruise.

Winter is the time for the camp work, for only over the snow can the great logs, perhaps half a ton in weight, be easily dragged from where they fall to the waterway down which they are to be floated to the mill, on the spring freshets. The Northern winter is severe enough, the cold being often twenty degrees or more below zero, but it is in the spring that the greatest perils and hardships are encountered. Then, the great logs having been drawn by horses or oxen, or in some places over rude railroads, from the neighborhood of the camp to the "banking-ground," on the banks of the stream which is to carry them to the mill, the "drive" begins, and this is the hardest of the work. The sun has not yet loosened the bands with which the frost tied up the waters and the logs as well, and dynamite is often used to break them. A confused mass of logs and floating ice is started down the stream, and the men follow it, watching closely for jams and derelicts, and for days together, with very little rest, guide, force, and control the floating mass. A jam is often perilous in the extreme, and the promptest action is necessary to prevent delays, for if the pressure of the whole drive comes upon a gorge, it is Herculean work to break the combination.

So in the freezing cold water waist-deep, or clambering over the logs themselves in mid-stream, the loggers wrestle with obstructions, taking their lives in their hands hourly. For five or six weeks they travel thus, with no camp, no change of clothing, and as little in the way of luggage as possible. Stiff and sore from over-exertion and the terrible soaking in ice-water, they sleep in their blankets on the ground at night, with only the comfort of a rousing bonfire between them and the sleep from which there is no waking. It is sometimes almost impossible for one of them to rouse the others in the morning; but the drive is on, and there is no rest for them till the "boom" is reached, into which their logs are delivered, mixed higgledy-piggledy with others from other camps.

A million logs or "pieces," belonging, it may be, to a dozen owners, float in a confused mass within the enclosure, which is formed by chaining together a string of extra large logs. Each piece, however, is marked with the device of its owner, and the sorting is not as difficult or as hap-hazard an operation as it looks. They are made into rafts, and floated, or it may be towed, down the main river they have reached to the mill, where they are to be fed to the saws.

To describe the modern saw-mill would be a dry piece of work for these columns, though to see one in operation is an interesting thing. It is as different from the saw-mill of fifty years ago as most machinery of to-day is from the appliances of that earlier day, but the improvement is in mechanical appliance only; the manipulation of the logs remains the same, and the same result is achieved, only more rapidly and perfectly. In this pursuit, as in all others, the human side is more attractive and more picturesque than the mechanical side. The adventures and the strange wild life of the loggers make them a class by themselves, and one far more interesting than most others. To one who has been with them in the great forests and marked their reckless heroism and powers of endurance, they must always be objects of admiration, rough and uncultured though they be. They are among the veritable pioneers of civilization, and their work, destructive as it is, and greatly to be deplored, according to the standard of the arborist or the meteorologist, has been, and still is, indispensable to the progress of the world. Their virtues and their faults are such as are commonly found among men who struggle directly with the forces of nature in the service of civilization, but their peculiar work gives them many peculiar characteristics.

THE JUNE YACHT RACES.

On the morning of the day of the New York Yacht Club Regatta, Commodore Gerry's steam-yacht *Electra* took up her place off Buoy No. 15, below Fort Wadsworth, at an early hour. A strong breeze was blowing from the westward when the starting gun boomed across the water, shortly after eleven o'clock. Away the yachts rushed, the *Sea Fox* crossing ahead of the *Grayling* by ten seconds. As she went away she broke out a big jib-topsail, which sent her tearing through the water at a splendid rate of speed. The *Clara* was a little in advance of the schooners. After them came the saucy *Katrina*, and as she flew along, up into the eye of the wind she went. Then there was a bunch of them, and the *Titania*, *Bedouin*, *Gracie*, and *Marguerite* were in front. The *Shamrock*, *Gorilla*, and *Nymph* brought up the rear. The little *Liris* darted away in advance of the whole fleet. They were all on the starboard tack, close hauled, and headed for the Southwest Spit, where the first turn was to be made.

The *Titania* got into difficulties at the start; her bobstay had parted, and she was out of the race. In around the Horseshoe the yachts went, then came a stretch to the point of the Hook, and then out to sea, the big boats to round Sandy Hook Light-ship, and the smaller ones to weather the *Scotland* Light-ship. The *Bedouin* then came to grief. The "oil spot" off the point of the Hook had shifted, and while the stanch cutter was trying to get to windward of the *Shamrock*, she brought up all standing on one corner of it. There she lay until a tug came to her assistance. A few minutes later the *Liris* caught a little puff of wind, and in an instant her mast went by the board, the hollow spar snapping off like a pipe-stem. She was towed to her anchorage. A short time after, the *Gorilla* lost her topmast, and had to give up the race: too heavy spars was the cause of it. The *Nymph* was first to luff around *Scotland* Light-ship, followed thirty-three seconds after by the *Mariquita*, with the *Tomahawk* six seconds later. Coming up to the mark they were on the starboard tack, and as they went around they started their sheets and bowled along merrily. The *Sea Fox* rounded the Sandy Hook Light-ship and rushed after the *Grayling*, which was two minutes ahead. Coming in to Sandy Hook she had every sail set, and the water fairly boiled under her bows as she sped along. The finish was made in good time, and only once was the wind light, when the *Sea Fox* and *Katrina* seemed to be in a calm spot for a short time.

The Seawanhaka Regatta was begun in a good breeze on June 15th, and ended in a calm. The *Mayflower* made her first appearance as a schooner, and fulfilled all that was expected of her. She sailed well, and looked very pretty in her new rig. The *Bedouin* was there, ready and anxious to show her heels to the *Shamrock*, as she did to the *Katrina* in the cruise of the New York Yacht Club last year. The *Minerva*, the fleet forty-foot cutter which crossed the ocean to meet the fast boats in New York, was ready for her initial race, and darted about like a witch. When the start was made, the *Sea Fox* was first over, the *Mayflower* being next, 400 yards behind. Both yachts were close hauled on the starboard tack, the *Mayflower's* best point of sailing. Down through the bay the fleet schooners went along under the favoring breeze, and making good headway. In the procession at the Hook the breeze was fresh, and the *Bedouin*, *Hildegard*, and *Mayflower* made a very pretty section of it.

The beautiful forty-footers were a charming sight as they rushed away for their outer mark, the *Scotland* Light-ship. The *Minerva* led, nine minutes ahead of the *Gorilla*, the *Nymph* was next, and the *Mariquita* last, the three last-named being close together. Before reaching the light-ship a puff of wind carried away the *Banshee's* topmast, and she was forced to give up the race. Then came the run home from Sandy Hook. The storm came and drove away the wind, and the rest of the race was nothing but drift. Before the squall came, the thirty-footers had succeeded in getting near the finish line: they had sailed a shorter course. The little *Kathleen*, the fastest boat of her inches in the harbor, got safely home under shortened sail a half-hour ahead of her nearest competitor.

MAY-DAY AT RIO.

AFTER THE FEVER OF 1889.

May at the North! The happy children throng
The woodland paths; scarcely a flower yet—
A buttercup or two, a violet,
A few anemones—yet gay their song,
Happy their laughter: they are never wrong
In their sweet wisdom. That the fields are wet
With April rain, their little hearts forget;
For May is here, and summer comes ere long.
Earnest of royal harvest are the few
Pale struggling blossoms that they find to-day—
Anemones and violets, one or two—
But glorious with the promise of the May.
Laugh, dance, and sing. A few bright flowers they
glean;
And glad with these, they crown the prettiest Queen.

May in the tropics! Ah! thank God! at last!
But because Summer goes, not comes, here too
May-Day is dear; to beating hearts that knew
No rest until that fevered breath had passed.
Here May brings Winter. Thronging thick and fast,
The eager flowers blossom, cool with dew.
Alas! it is the children who are few.
Safe are the blossoms, poor May, that thou hast
In beauty with such rich profusion here
Brought to us, fragrant with thy cool sweet breath.
The little restless hands that held them dear
Are folded quietly in peaceful death;
And the pale city—Niobe bereft—
Clasps to her heart the darlings that are left.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

RIO DE JANEIRO, *May* 1, 1889.

THE HERITAGE OF DEDLOW MARSH.*

(*Continued from page 512, Supplement.*)

door, as if departing. Maggie stood between him and the window, her face in shadow, her hands clasped tightly behind her. A profound sadness, partly of the dying day and waning light, and partly of some vague expiration of their own sorrow, seemed to encompass them. Without knowing why, a strange trembling took the place of James Culpeper's fierce determination, and a film of moisture stole across his staring eyes.

"When I tell you that I believe all this will pass, and that you will still win your brother back to you," said Calvert's sad but clear voice, "I will tell you why—although, perhaps, it is only a part of that confidence you command me to withhold. When I first saw you, I myself had fallen into like dissolute habits, less excusable than he, for I had some experience of the world and its follies. When I met *you*, and fell under the influence of your pure, simple, and healthy life; when I saw that isolation, monotony, misunderstanding, even the sense of superiority to one's surroundings could be lived down and triumphed over without vulgar distractions or pitiful ambitions; when I learned to love you—hear me out, Miss Culpeper, I beg you—you saved *me* (I, who was nothing to you), even as I honestly believe you will still save your brother whom you love."

"How do you know I didn't *ruin* him?" she said, turning upon him bitterly. "How do you know that it wasn't to get rid of our monotony, our solitude, that I drove him to this vulgar distraction, this pitiful—yes, you were right—pitiful ambition?"

"Because it isn't your real nature," he said, quietly.

"My real nature!" she repeated, with a half-savage vehemence that seemed to be goaded from her by his very gentleness—"my real nature! What did *he*—what do *you* know of it? My real nature! I'll tell you what it was," she went on, passionately. "It was to be revenged on you all for your cruelty, your heartlessness, your wickedness to me and mine in the past. It was to pay you off for your slanders of my dead father, for the selfishness that left me and Jim alone with his dead body on the marsh. That was what sent me to Longport, to get even with you, to—to fool and flaunt you. There, you have it now! And now that God has punished me for it by crushing my brother, you—you expect me to let you crush *me* too."

"But," he said, eagerly, advancing toward her, "you are wronging me—you are wronging yourself cruelly."

"Stop!" she said, stepping back, with her hands still locked behind her. "Stay where you are. There! That's enough!" She drew herself up and let her hands fall at her side. "Now let us speak of Jim," she said, coldly.

Without seeming to hear her, he regarded her for the first time with hopeless sadness.

"Why did you let my brother believe you were his rival with Cicely Preston?" she asked, impatiently.

"Because I could not undeceive him without telling him I hopelessly loved his sister. You are proud, Miss Culpeper," he said, with the first tinge of bitterness in his even voice. "Can you not understand that others may be proud too?"

"No," she said, bluntly; "it is not pride, but weakness. You could have told him what you knew to be true. That there could be nothing in common between her folk and such savages as we; that there was a gulf as wide as that marsh and as black between our natures, our training, and theirs; and even if they came to us across it, now and then, to suit their pleasure, light and easy as that tide, it was still there to some day ground and swamp them. And if he doubted it, you had only to tell him your own story. You had only to tell him what you have just told me; that you yourself, an officer and a gentleman, thought you loved me—a vulgar, uneducated, savage girl; and that I, kinder to you than you to me or him, made you take it back across that tide, because I couldn't let you link your life with mine, and drag you in the mire."

"You need not have said that, Miss Culpeper," returned Calvert, with the same gentle smile, "to prove that I am your inferior in all but one thing."

"And that?" she said, quickly.

"Is my love."

His gentle face was as set now as her own as he moved back slowly toward the door. There he paused.

"You tell me to speak of Jim, and Jim only. Then hear me. I believe that Miss Preston cares for him as far as lies in her young and giddy nature. I could not, therefore, have crushed *his* hope without deceiving him, for there are as cruel deceits prompted by what we call reason as by our love. If you think that a knowledge of this plain truth would help to save him, I beg you to be kinder to him than you have been to me. Or even, let me dare to hope, to *yourself*."

He slowly crossed the threshold, still holding his cap lightly in his hand.

"When I tell you that I am going away to-morrow on a leave of absence, and that in all probability we may not meet again, you will not misunderstand why I add my prayer to the message your friends in Longport charged me with. They beg that you will give up your idea of returning here and come back to them. Believe me, you have made yourself loved and respected there in spite—I beg pardon—perhaps I should say *because* of your pride. Good-night and good-by."

For a single instant she turned her set face to the window with a sudden convulsive movement, as if she would have called him back, but at the same moment the opposite door creaked, and her brother slipped into the room. Whether a quick memory of the deserter's entrance at that door a year ago had crossed her mind, whether there was some strange suggestion in his mud-stained garments, and weak, deprecating smile, or whether it was the outcome of some desperate struggle within her, there was that in her face that changed his smile into a frightened cry for pardon, as he ran and fell on his knees at her feet. But even as he did so her stern look vanished, and with her arm around him she bent over him and mingled her tears with his.

"I heard it all, Mag, dearest. All! Forgive me! I have been crazy!—wild!—I will reform! —I will be better! I will never disgrace you again, Mag! Never, never! I swear it!"

She reached down and kissed him. After a pause a weak, boyish smile struggled into his face.

"You heard what he said of *her*, Mag. Do you think it might be true?"

She lifted the damp curls from his forehead with a sad, half-maternal smile, but did not reply.

"And, Mag dear, don't you think *you* were a little—just a little—hard on *him?* No! Don't look at me that way, for God's sake! There, I didn't mean anything. Of course you know best. There, Maggie dear, look up. Hark there! Listen, Mag, do!"

They lifted their eyes to the dim distance seen through the open door. Borne on the fading light, and seeming to fall andd ie with it over marsh and river, came the last notes of the bugle from the fort.

"There! Don't you remember what you used to say, Mag?"

The look that had frightened him had quite left her face now.

"Yes," she smiled, laying her cold cheek beside his softly. "Oh yes! It was something that came and went, 'Like a song'—'Like a song.'"

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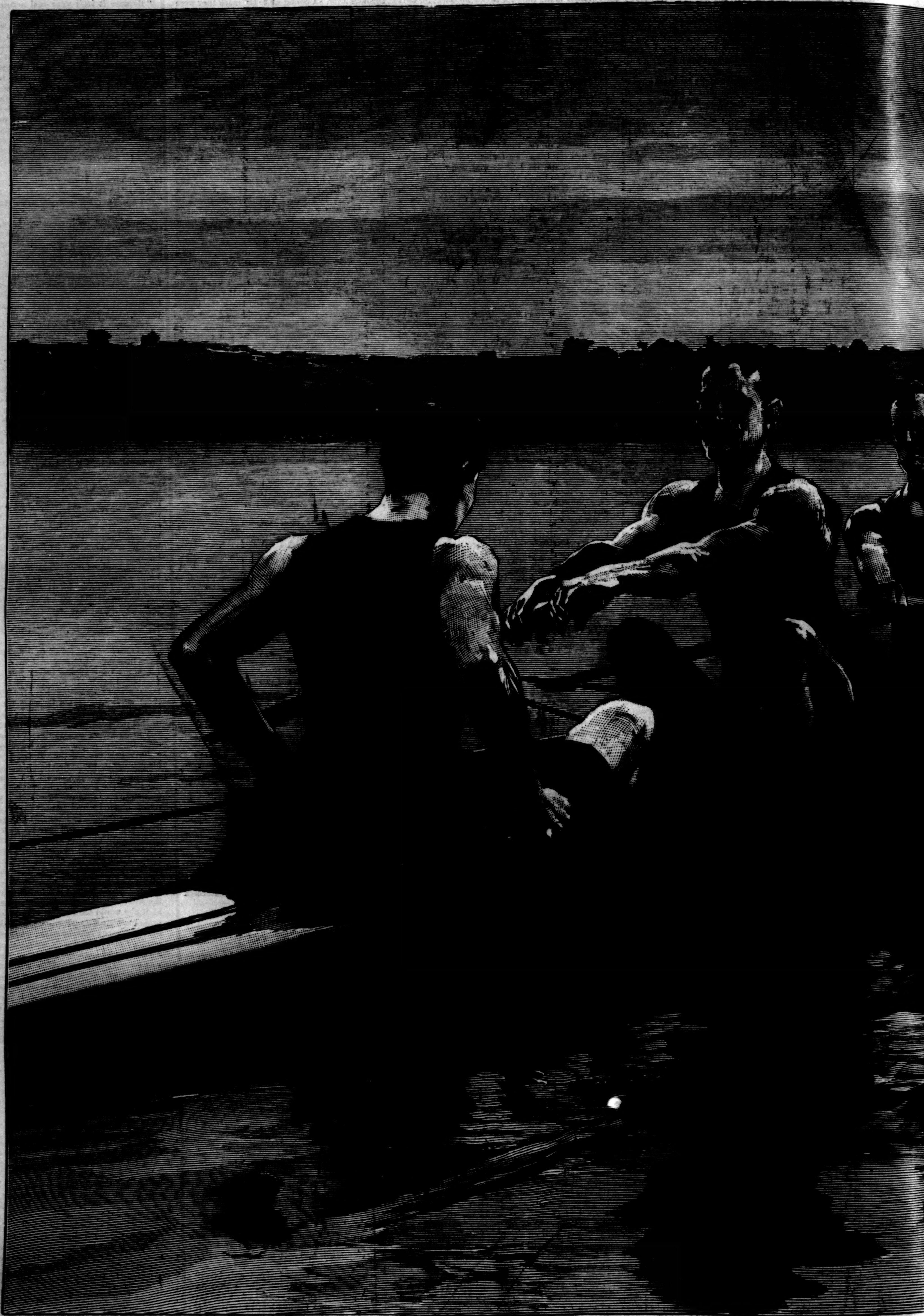
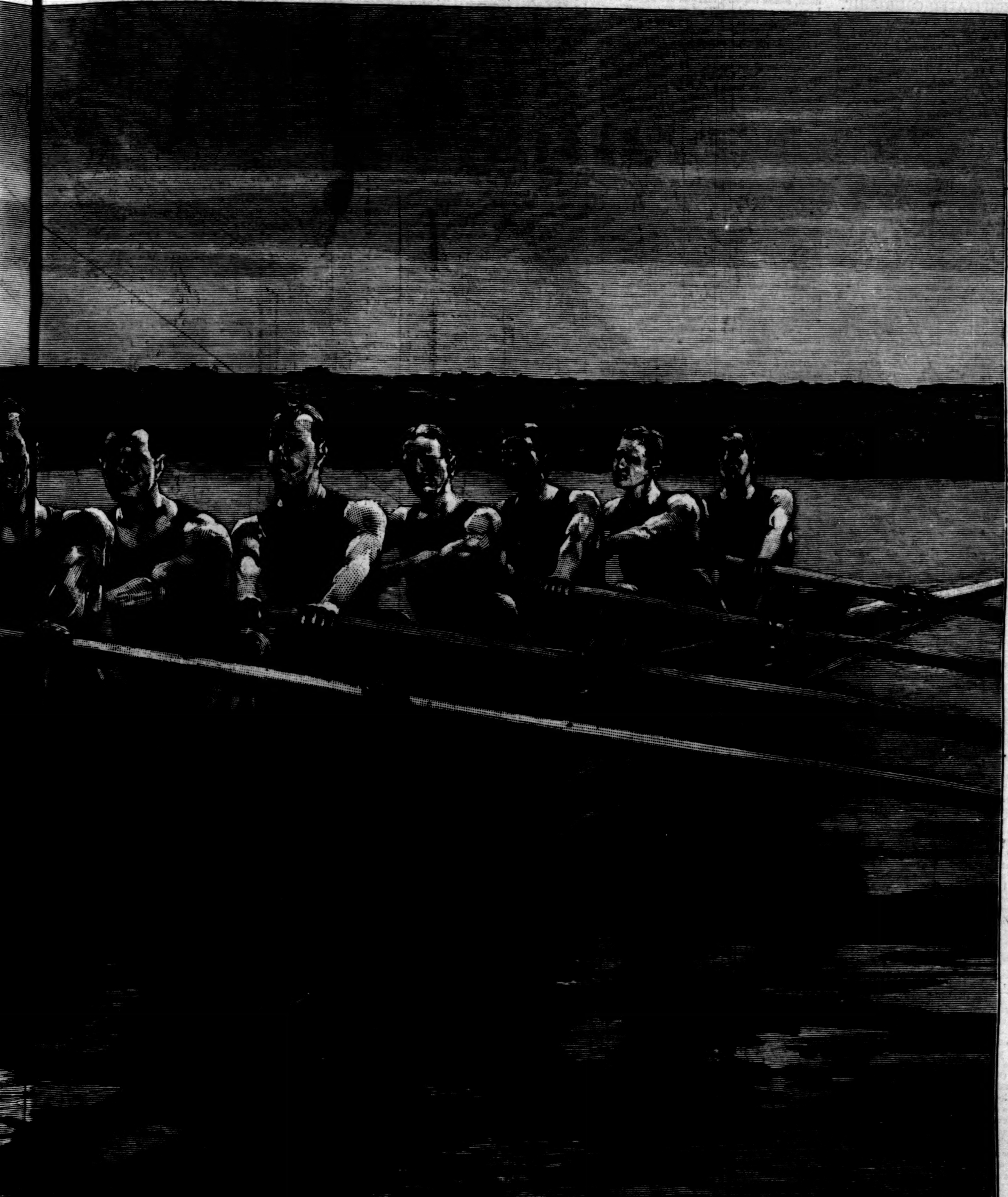


THE YALE 'VARSITY CREW OUT FOR A SPIN WI



TH THEIR COACH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 527.]

A PRECIPITATED COURTSHIP.

BY ALICE L. CLARK.

MY mission to the readers of *The Sunday Chat* is like Mark Antony's traditional attitude to the populace—to tell them that which they themselves do know; and when I tell them that which they do not know, and which I do not know either, the results range from tragedy to comedy. Last January, in *The Chat's* social department, of which I, Priscilla Plume, am the editor, appeared the following:

"Among the engagements which rumor says are soon to be announced is that of Miss Ethel Arlington, of New York, daughter of Mr. Francis K. Arlington, formerly of this city, and Mr. Theodore G. Wiggswell. Mr. Wiggswell is a nephew of the Hon. George P. Giltedge."

Also:

"Major Peleg Wiggins entertained a number of friends at a masquerade ball on New-Year's Eve at his beautiful country residence in Walnut Park. Among the guests from the city were the Hon. George P. Giltedge and family."

I congratulated myself that I should have an "exclusive" on those items; that they would not appear in our rival, *The Saturday Mail.* I was right: they did not appear in *The Saturday Mail.* On Sunday morning I was looking over *The Chat,* and admiring the discrimination with which the printer interspersed among my notes upon the aristocracy such information and advice as: "Allemand & Co.'s malt whiskey is the best," "Buy your spring overcoat at Smoothly's," "For indigestion take De Whittier's Little Pepsin Pills," "Try Smoothly's suspenders and neckties," when a visitor was announced.

Mr. John Spruce entered, said "Good-morning," and immediately observed, "I always did advise you to try your hand at fiction, Priscilla."

"Well?" I inquired.

"Short stories are an excellent beginning in a literary way. I always felt sure that you had a vivid imagination," he continued, reflectively, "and I really felt hurt that you never took my advice. I've told you again and again, when you are hard up for 'copy,' to make it up out of your own head. Now this new departure—"

"Oh dear!" I interrupted, as the meaning of these remarks began to dawn upon me, and I picked up the paper. "What is it? *Which* is it?"

"Don't be agitated," he replied, pointing to the two items I quoted above. "You have often said that more literary tone, and less hard, dry chronicling of facts, would improve this sort of work. Now there is no hard, dry chronicling of facts about those paragraphs. If originality and imagination are qualities of literary tone, there you have it."

"I suppose you mean that they are mistakes," I said.

"Pure fiction," he replied, unsympathetically. "I told you about the Peleg Wiggins fancy-dress ball myself, I remember, and I said that Jim Giltedge told me, but I did *not* say that the Giltedges were there. It happens that they and the Wiggins family are sworn enemies. It's a regular Montague and Capulet feud. I have done considerable law business for Hon. George P. Giltedge in connection with the matter, and I know all about it. I will try to convince him that this item of yours was a mistake, and not a practical joke. But you will probably hear from Wiggins. Really it was an enterprising bit of speculation to conclude that the Giltedges went to that ball. And about the engagement: Wiggswell is a cousin of my friend Jim Giltedge, and I happen to know that he has not the pleasure of Miss Arlington's acquaintance. Still, it might be a good match. I suppose you thought it over carefully before you selected her for his wife."

"I meant to write Sumner Bothwell instead of Mr. Wiggswell; they do say that he and Miss Arlington are engaged," I interposed; but John Spruce paid no attention, and mused on:

"Wiggswell is an obliging young fellow. Perhaps he will marry her, since you think best. Now I wonder how your plan strikes Miss Arlington?"

"I think that you had better accept a position on our funny column," I said, bitterly; "and unless you stop laughing, and think of some way to help me out of this fix, beware! *I have not yet announced your engagement*, but I may select some eligible young woman for you, and put your names in next week's *Chat.* Please tell me what to do. Of course I can announce in next week's paper that my statements were incorrect, but it is so very humiliating, so stupid, so absurd;" and I blurred a tin-ware advertisement with a few tears. Only a few, however, for I knew that John Spruce was more sympathetic than he seemed, and would help me in this predicament as he had in others. From our childhood, when we had played together; through our school-days, when he had helped me get my lessons, procured the snakes and tadpoles which I insisted upon having for my zoological researches, rescued me from drowning when I skated into air-holes and fell out of boats, and from being killed when I attempted to ride an unruly horse; through the sad time of a few months ago when my father had failed in business and soon after died of heart-disease—we had been friends. He had laughed at my mistakes, regarded my mishaps as excellent jokes, but had been in fact generous and sympathetic. To my appeal he replied:

"Well, since you were doing your best to follow my advice in these little literary ventures of yours, I shall have to stand by them. I will see to-day what people are saying about it, and decide accordingly whether you had better bury those unhappy paragraphs in oblivion or explain them. Say that some of the Giltedges were at the ball, although the Hon. George P. could not be present; and as to the engagement, don't commit yourself further than to look wise and say that time will tell whether or not it is true. Just insist, *comme toujours*, that you are right. Now I am going to call on Theodore Giltedge Wiggswell, and give him my blessing and a bunch of flowers."

Following is what passed when John made his call, as he afterward described it to me:

"Theodore," he began, "my dear friend, my feelings were hurt to learn the happy news from the newspapers instead of from your own lips; but I congratulate you. Accept my blessing and my boutonnière. Miss Arlington is a charming girl."

"By Jove! Spruce," exclaimed Wiggswell, "what does this mean? Is it some joke that you are at the bottom of? It may be funny, but it's getting me into deep water. What's the point?"

"I do not wish to be intrusive, Theodore, but if you announce your engagement to Miss Arlington in *The Sunday Chat*, I suppose an old friend may be permitted to wish you joy."

Wiggswell actually turned pale. "Is that in the paper?" he gasped. "Why, I do not know Miss Arlington—at least I didn't. Is it possible that—" He seemed too much overcome to go on for a minute, and then said: "It's a queer piece of business. Those society reporters find out everything, and jump at conclusions, and have it printed and illustrated while the parties interested are making up their minds."

"Yes, they do jump at conclusions," John admitted. "Then I infer that you are not engaged to Miss Arlington?"

"No; but I wish—that is, I was just going to tell you. I am just home from a dinner at the Copleys'. Mrs. Copley remarked, as we took our places at table, that two vacant places were for Mrs. Arlington and Miss Ethel, whom she expected later, and then *she* got off something about being surprised at learning the news from the papers, and congratulated me."

"You denied it, of course?" said Spruce.

"Well, no, I didn't; that's the trouble. I was so staggered I couldn't say a word."

"Why, man, what a position to leave Miss Arlington in! What happened when she arrived? Where is your carefully and expensively acquired *savoir-faire?* Why didn't you say something graceful about its being a mistake, a rumor, which you wished were founded on fact? What did they say when Miss Arlington denied it, after you had complacently accepted the situation?"

"Well, as soon as my head stopped swimming and I got my breath I was going to correct the mistake. It would have been deuced awkward then, but I was going to do it. Then Miss Arlington came. Talk about *savoir-faire!* I said I was ill, and left," explained the unfortunate Wiggswell.

"This is a nice mess!" ejaculated John Spruce.

"It is a fix," continued the other, "and I've rather made a fool of myself. The idea of calmly accepting congratulations in that public way, and leaving as soon as my supposed fiancée came! It looks like a rude thing. It looks as if I wanted to give the idea that we are engaged, and left when she came so I should not have to deny it. No matter how much I deny it now, it's deuced complicated. Why, every one was there—the Miltons, and the Maypoles, some of the Giltedges, and the Gilligs. It will be talked all over town before night."

"Were there any Wigginses there?" inquired Spruce.

"No—on account of the Giltedge-Wiggins feud—only Mrs. Arlington and Miss Arlington," he replied.

"What! you don't mean that Miss Arlington is a Wiggins? Another Wiggins-Giltedge complication?"

"She is a niece of Peleg Wiggins. I do not quite understand you, Spruce."

"A Montague and a Capulet," murmured Spruce.

Wiggswell reddened. "What do you mean, John? Have you heard—you were not at the masquerade, were you?"

"No; were you? What has that to do with it? Come, I see there are more complications in this affair than I thought. Make a clean breast of it now, Theodore."

While Theodore hesitated, there came a hasty knock on the door, and Jim Giltedge entered, elegant, conventional, congratulatory. "Ah, Theodore, this is a surprise. I had hardly expected that any of us would marry into the Wiggins family. I read the notice in the paper this morning, but supposing you would have consulted my father if it were true, passed it over as one of *The Chat's* atrocious blunders. But hearing you accept congratulations at dinner, and then Miss Arlington accepted the situation, very prettily too. By George, I quite admire your taste, Theodore!"

"Miss Arlington denied it, of course!" exclaimed Spruce and Wiggswell in concert.

"*Denied it!* why, no. Mrs. Copley spoke of having congratulated you, and Miss Arlington blushed very prettily and said she supposed you denied it; and when Mrs. Copley said no, that you seemed quite overcome with your good fortune, Miss Arlington looked confused and charming, by George! I saw that she did not know just what to say, so I rose to the occasion with something graceful, you know, and the conversation turned. I left as soon as possible, fearing you were seriously ill, else you would not have left in—excuse me—such an odd way."

"Wiggswell always was eccentric," murmured Spruce.

"By-the-way, Theodore," continued his cousin, "how are you now? You look flushed. Let me feel your pulse: very high. You had better take something cooling. Oh yes. I was going to say I will go with you to call on Miss Arlington any time you like, and I will try to make the matter right with my father. The Hon. George P. hates Peleg Wiggins, but I dare say, when he knows that it's all settled, he will give you his blessing. I tell you, Theodore, you have fever; I never saw you so flushed in my life."

"Oh, she isn't—that is—I'm not, I mean. I haven't. It's all a mistake. There's no ground for it, Jim; not the least," cried Theodore, desperately.

"Well, perhaps not," said his cousin; "but you look it. High pulse, flushed face, eyes rather wild, mean fever. I'm on my way to an appointment at the club, and will send Pilkins to see you as I pass his office: you must have a doctor. I will call in again to-night, and if you are no better then, will stay;" and before Theodore could protest, Mr. Giltedge had gone on his way.

John Spruce leaned back in his chair and laughed, but Theodore sat eying the cigar which he had allowed to go out in his hand in perplexed silence. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Worse and worse! It's too late to make Jim come back for an explanation, and he will tell all the fellows at the club that this engagement is a fact. It looks as if I were doing my best to circulate the rumor. How can I ever explain it to Miss Arlington, or to any one?"

"Perhaps no one will believe it anyway. There's a general impression that Miss Arlington is engaged to Sumner Bothwell."

"What! you don't mean it!—that insignificant little fellow! He's an artist, isn't he? Oh, it's impossible—it's preposterous!" exclaimed Wiggswell.

"No, not at all preposterous," his friend replied. "Bothwell is a rising artist. He will be famous in a few years. He knew Miss Arlington abroad."

The gloom deepened in Wiggswell's face. "You see, John," he said, "if they had said I was engaged to one of the girls in our set here, I should not have lost my presence of mind, and allowed the matter to get so complicated and misunderstood; but there are circumstances about this case that— Well, in fact, I have escaped for twenty-eight years, John; but the game is up: I am in love with Ethel Arlington, and if this development in the situation spoils the little chance I had, it will be the most serious thing in my life."

"Why, where have you seen her? You told me last week that you didn't know Ethel Arlington, when I told you she was coming on from New York to visit friends here."

Wiggswell unlocked an elaborate jewel case which stood on the table, and took from its solitary resting-place therein a handkerchief. He carefully unfolded the bit of embroidered linen and lace, and gazed pensively at the initials in the corner—E. A.

"You remember I went to New York for a visit about a year ago, John? This is a souvenir of that occasion. My mother has a second cousin there, a Mrs. Browning, whom I had never seen. I left a card at her house, to please my mother, and the next day found myself honored with the information that Mrs. Browning was at home some evening or other, I forget the date now, but I accepted, and went, quite late, on the evening mentioned. The rooms were rather crowded, no one in particular seemed to be receiving, and I saw no one whom I knew. Most of the ladies had on bonnets. Mrs. Browning, being the hostess, must be one of those who had not. I figured a little mentally, compared her age with my mother's, and concluded she must be past fifty. I picked out a jolly-looking little old lady with gray hair, who was talking to several men: probably she was Cousin Browning. I advanced; the men stopped talking; she looked at me without a sign of recognition, but I expected that. I held out my hand, and said: 'My name is Wiggswell. So awfully kind of you to invite me, Mrs. Browning.' 'Oh, I am not Mrs. Browning. She is in the other parlor, I think,' she replied. The men smiled, and I hurried into the next room. It was no use to guess which of the solid, rather unhappy-looking men standing about was Mr. Browning; so this time I selected a different kind of hostess—a tall, severe-looking woman, bonnetless, and undoubtedly past fifty. I approached her confidently, and said: "Mrs. Browning, is it not? My name is Wiggswell. So kind of you—" But I was down on my luck; she wasn't Mrs. Browning either. I think she offered to find the hostess for me, but I was disgusted, and went and leaned against the wall. I was just weighing the claims to the honor of being my hostess of two other women—one tall and stout, gotten up in a purple velvet, and the other small, and dressed in black, both without bonnets, and both past fifty—when I suddenly realized that a pretty girl opposite me had been watching me ever since I entered. She was probably pretending to be amused at her companion's conversation, but I saw that she was laughing at me. I blushed, my collar felt limp, and I felt as if my clothes did not fit. I think my hair began to stand on end. I glared wildly around. Was it derision or sympathy in the young woman's smile? Perhaps *she* was the hostess? although her youth and her bonnet seemed to forbid the idea. And although I was so unhappy, and she evidently thought me so absurd, I was conscious of vaguely wishing that she were Mrs. Browning, and hence my cousin. Still, in that case, she was married.

"I dare say that while I was pursuing these speculations I looked as if I were losing my mind, for she suddenly spoke to an elderly lady near her, evidently her mother, and coming up to a lady who stood near me, said, quite pointedly, '*Mrs. Browning*, we will bid you good-evening,' and murmuring the usual thing about a pleasant evening, left the room. I shot a glance of gratitude and admiration at her as she spoke, succeeded by disappointment as she turned to go, though it has since occurred to me that she was obliged to go, having said good-by. I paid my respects to Mrs. Browning, who was very unlike any of the hostesses I had selected, and she was exceedingly kind; but I could think of nothing but my deliverer, the beautiful girl with the merry eyes and the sweet smile. I picked up a handkerchief which lay at Mrs. Browning's feet. It was not hers, she said, and I replied that I would leave it in the dressing-room, that it would no doubt be called for. I knew that it belonged to my lovely protector, and I did not leave it in the dressing-room. After the reception I assiduously made party calls on Mrs. Browning, hoping to meet the beautiful being who had come to my assistance, but she did not appear. How should I find out about her? I did not know her name, only that the initials were E. A. She did not appear, and I began to fear that I should be reduced to saying to Mrs. Browning, 'Who was the young lady who said good-by to you just before I spoke to you on the evening of your reception? Her initials are E. A. She is very beautiful, and evidently kind-hearted, with a well-developed sense of the ludicrous.' But the happy thought came to me to examine the photograph album. I opened it with trembling hands. There was her picture. 'Ah!' I said, 'who is this pretty girl, Cousin Browning?' She replied: 'That is Ethel Arlington. She has gone to Europe, to be gone a year or more.' That finished my series of party calls. I came home. Until lately I did not know whether or not she had come back from Europe. Last Friday evening I went down to the Wiggins's fancy-dress ball."

"Then there *were* some Giltedges there," remarked John Spruce, in an undertone.

"What did you say, Spruce? Nothing? I just went down there for fun—of course I wasn't invited—and I intended to slip away soon. It does not seem so much of a joke now."

"Well, Theodore, my boy, in the course of twenty-eight years you have been the hero of no end of unique exploits, but I do not recall your ever doing anything so mediæval as going unasked to a ball in a private house. But go on: what else did you do in your rôle of modern Romeo?"

"By Jove, John, you have hit it! I found Juliet. I had no business to be there, much less to dance, but I did. I danced with a lovely girl in an old Italian costume. There was something fascinating about it. She seemed like some one I knew, but I could not recognize her. I danced with her two or three times, and suddenly she laughed and seemed to recognize me, though she did not speak my name. When the quadrille was finished we went into the conservatory. She took off her mask, and I was simply overcome to find that it was Ethel Arlington. I unmasked, of course, and introduced myself, and thanked her for coming to my rescue at Mrs. Browning's reception. She seemed glad to see me, and we compared notes about what we had done since. She told me about her visit in Europe, and I told her that I had watched the steamer lists ever since to see when she returned, and missed her name after all. I kept thinking that I ought to go, but—"

"'Parting is such sweet sorrow,'" observed John.

"Beg pardon, John? You did not speak? I had to tell her that I had not been bidden to the feast, and when the company unmasked, and I saw the Major and Mrs. Wiggins bearing down on us, I disappeared in the crowd to save Miss Arlington the embarrassment of presenting an uninvited guest. Now, in addition to having appeared in that erratic manner, comes this absurd item in the paper, and my subsequent idiotic behavior at dinner. What do you think, John—is it a hopeless case?"

"Hopeless! Why, Theodore, I congratulate you once more. You ought to treasure that newspaper item, along with the handkerchief, in the jewel-case. It has fought half the battle for you. By this time Miss Arlington has considered you as a possible fiancé, and there's nothing like getting used to an idea. Strike while the iron is hot; go and make yourself master of the situation. The subject is opened up for you as gracefully as possible." Then, dropping his usual jesting manner: "I mean it, Theodore. Go and see her to-day, and propose to her as soon as possible. I wish you happiness, my dear fellow;" and shaking him warmly by the hand, John Spruce left him without another word.

On Sunday afternoon I walked up to the house where Miss Arlington was visiting, reflecting as I went on my reportorial misdeeds. In writing up lists of persons present on notable occasions I had put in the absent, the unasked, the dead, and left out personages of stupendous importance; I had once dubbed the Rev. Priestley "Major," and reported him on the wrong side of a temperance discussion; I had dressed a débutante in black velvet, *en train*, and her mother in white tulle; I had reported the inventor of a patent soup preparation, the *chef* of a hotel, as being prominent in a certain *recherché* social affair. These and similar crimes rose before me like Banquo's ghosts, and I had composed quite a conscience-stricken apology for Miss Arlington's benefit by the time I found myself entering the drawing-room, in obedience to the servant's suggestion that Miss Arlington would be there presently to see another visitor who awaited her. As I glanced around to see who the other visitor might be, I heard Miss Arlington's voice in the library adjoining. "Ah! how do you do, Mr. Wiggswell? I am glad to see you. Mamma and I were sorry that you were obliged to leave the Copleys before we came. How very strange this talk is, about—about an engagement between us! Can you explain it at all? It was so very odd for it to appear in *The Sunday Chat.*"

"I cannot explain that, Miss Arlington, but I particularly want to apologize for seeming to confirm what I had no right to, at dinner. It was stupid, very. I will take pains to correct any false impressions I hear expressed to-morrow. It's all very awkward. I—" Suddenly his voice changed: "Ethel, I wish it were true. I love you. Every one thinks we are engaged. *Suppose we don't deny it!*"

"Oh, we must deny it," came the answer, in an astonished tone. Too bad, I thought; but then she added, so low that I scarcely heard it, something which sounded like, "*At least for the present.*"

As I slipped out the door I glanced into the library. Evidently Theodore had heard, and comprehended even better than I, Ethel's concession, and it was not wholly the light of the setting sun which had brought the color to her cheeks. A ray of red gold sunshine fell like a happy omen on their clasped hands. On the door-step I met John Spruce, who asked why there were tears in my eyes, and at my suggestion turned to walk home with me instead of calling on Miss Arlington.

"John," said I, impressively, "Ethel Arlington and Theodore Wiggswell will deny their engagement, *for the present!*"

"What! you don't mean that it's true, after all? I know it isn't."

"Yes," I assured him; "their engagement is soon to be announced. I was right, *comme toujours.*" Then I explained more fully, and added, "You see I am not such a marplot after all." John Spruce assured me that I was not a marplot, but he took the opportunity to urge me to give up my profession and follow out other plans which he proposed. In fact, he said many things which suggested a state of mind similar to Mr. Wiggswell's, and I found that changing the subject four times would not alter his train of thought. When we arrived at home he accepted a far from pressing invitation to come in, deliberately walked into the parlor, and said:

"Now, Priscilla Plume, it is no use to try to evade the subject any longer. We have practised your theories about your ability to be independent, and mine to be patient, long enough to have demonstrated them beautifully. I consider both propositions proved. I decline to act my rôle any more. You know I am going West next autumn. I want you to go with me. Shall we consider it settled?"

I must have been thinking of Ethel Arlington to have replied, as John says I did, "Well, yes, for the present."

He did not seem to think me nearly as obstinate as usual, and when he said good-evening, referred to some promise, which I suppose that there is no doubt I had made, about the last of June.

The months hastened by. In May I wrote a long description of the "Wiggswell-Arlington" wedding. That was my last reportorial work. To-morrow, as *The Sunday Chat* might phrase it, the marriage of Miss Priscilla Plume and Mr. John Spruce will be solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Spruce will go to the Adirondacks for a short trip, and next fall will settle in the West, where Mr. Spruce will continue the practice of law.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

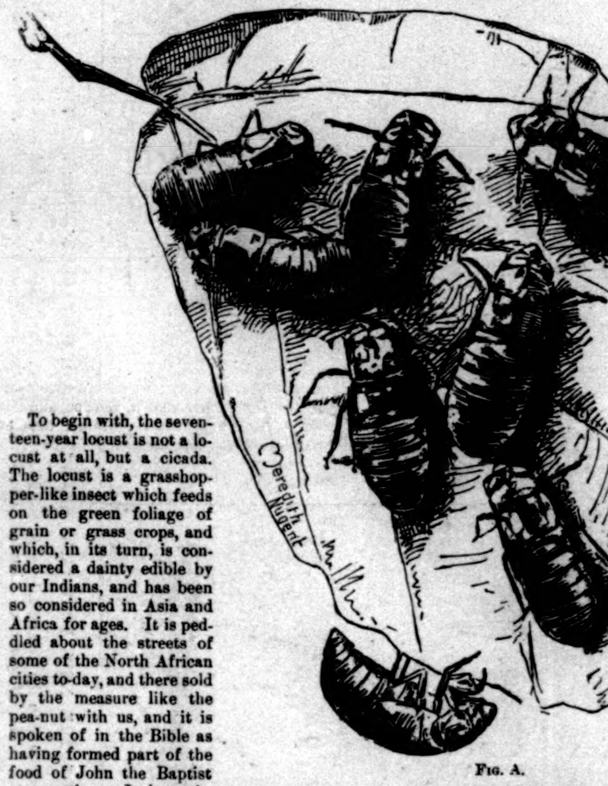


FIG. A.

To begin with, the seventeen-year locust is not a locust at all, but a cicada. The locust is a grasshopper-like insect which feeds on the green foliage of grain or grass crops, and which, in its turn, is considered a dainty edible by our Indians, and has been so considered in Asia and Africa for ages. It is peddled about the streets of some of the North African cities to-day, and there sold by the measure like the pea-nut with us, and it is spoken of in the Bible as having formed part of the food of John the Baptist at one time. It is probably because the locust appears in great swarms at times, and that the cicada does the same, that the early settlers of this country named it the locust, after the swarming insect of the older countries. And it will always go by the name of locust in spite of anything that may be said.

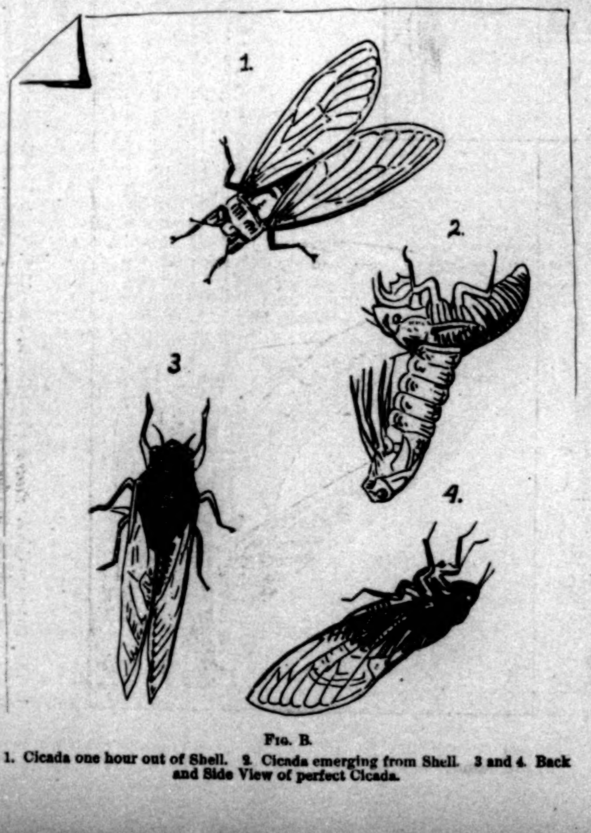


FIG. B.
1. Cicada one hour out of Shell. 2. Cicada emerging from Shell. 3 and 4. Back and Side View of perfect Cicada.

The seventeen-year locust was noticed by the settlers of Massachusetts as early as 1683, when it was described as "a numerous company of flies, which were like for bigness unto wasps or bumblebees; they came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up the green things, and made such a constant yelling noise as made the woods ring of them, and ready to deafen the hearers." Excepting for the fact that they do not eat the green things, this is a very good description of the seventeen-year locust, as those who are now being favored with a visit from them will avouch. The manner in which they come out of little holes in the ground smacks of the marvellous. They pass seventeen years underground, and then, as if by preconcerted arrangement, make their appearance out of the little holes almost simultaneously, and in numbers that run far up into the millions. This is always done after sunset, and by nine o'clock the same night the hordes have appeared. They are not very active when they first appear out of their subterranean homes, but they make what speed they can toward the nearest trees, and climb them to the lower leaves, where they fairly swarm, sometimes as many as thirteen pupæ clinging to one oak leaf (Fig. A). Those which are belated either cling to the bark of the tree or—if too late to get that far—fasten their claws to the first convenient object, and wait for the grand transformation which is to convert them from ugly crawling things of silence and gloom into gorgeous things of the air and sunlight, the males endowed with musical powers, and both sexes clad in gay suits of orange and black, with gossamer wings of iridescent hues. But a few minutes elapse after the pupæ have secured a resting-place before the dull skins begin to crack along the back. Then the imprisoned cicada works his way to freedom, at the first a soft white thing, but quickly developing wings, and becoming hard and active (Fig. B). For the most part, it does not require more than twenty minutes for the soft prisoner to become a perfect cicada, though sometimes an hour or more is consumed in the process, and several hours are required to produce the final color. The males are the first by several days to appear, and they herald the first dawn of their new existence by trying their drums; for their musical apparatus is in effect drum-like. At first their music is rather feeble, but in a little while it secures the proper tone and force, and then it scarcely knows any rest. Nor do they drum at hap-hazard, but rather in unison, and so it is that the noise of the swarms can be heard fully a mile away, and is positively deafening when close at hand.

The male cicada eats very little while waiting for the female to appear, and that little is in the form of sap from the trees, the bark of which is slightly punctured for the juice to exude. The coming of the females is hailed by the waiting lords with an increased noise, and for a few days the air is thick with the flying insects, so much so that the sun is obscured for small areas. In a few days after this the males die gradually, and the females busy themselves with the task of egg-laying. Each female will lay in the neighborhood of five hundred eggs, and the manner in which she lays them is really remarkable. She selects young twigs only, and with a singular apparatus, called an ovipositor, bores holes in regular order along the underside of the twigs, into which the eggs are regularly and carefully placed. Each nest contains about twenty eggs (Fig. C). The ovipositor is a most ingenious contrivance, and is composed of three parts, one part being an awl with which to pierce, and two parts being opposing saws with which to cut. And after the nest has been cut out of the twig, the ovipositor acts as a tube, down which the egg is propelled into its place in the nest.

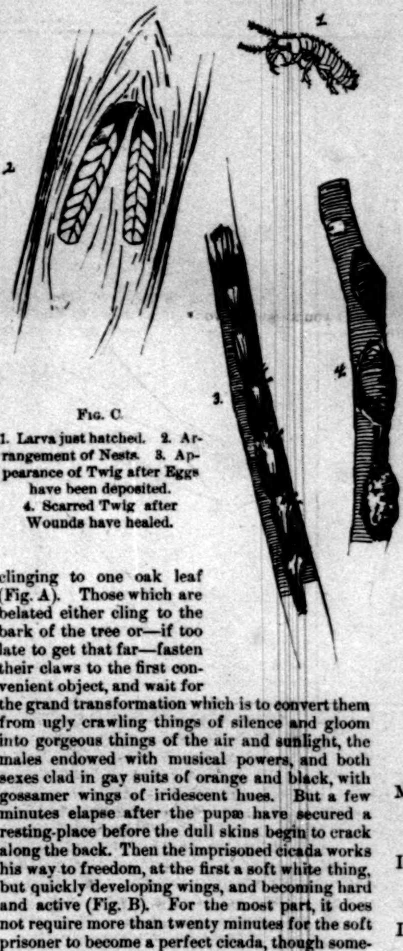


FIG. C.
1. Larva just hatched. 2. Arrangement of Nests. 3. Appearance of Twig after Eggs have been deposited.
4. Scarred Twig after Wounds have healed.

After the cicada has laid all her eggs she loses her strength and dies. She has lived a dreary underground existence of seventeen years, to enjoy a brief life of a few weeks in the air and sunshine. And now the new brood is started on a seventeen years of life. The eggs hatch in about six weeks, and the baby cicada is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and very active, though so light that it falls to the ground from a height sometimes of a hundred feet without the least injury. It has a pair of strong claws with which to dig a hole in the ground, and it puts them into use immediately. Down it goes into the earth, and for seventeen years burrows and burrows, sometimes going as deep as twenty feet, and sometimes not one-quarter of that, but changing its skin twenty-five or thirty times during its underground travels. It lives on the juices extracted from roots, and sometimes, but not often, injures trees. When the time for its reappearance on earth comes near again, it gradually works its way toward the surface, and finally digs a tunnel upward to the surface, going up occasionally to peer about and discover by signs known to itself when the 20th of May has come. If the soil is marshy where it has elected to appear, or if heavy rains are prevailing at the time, it has been known to build a turret six inches above-ground, with a roofed cap, so curved that it can go up into it and be in safety from drowning in case of flood. It is at the time when it emerges from the earth after its long sojourn there that it is in most danger from enemies; for then the hog and other animals find it a toothsome morsel, and devour it in great numbers. At a later period, when it has gained the power of flight, it becomes the prey of some birds, though it was reserved for the little English sparrow to make the most determined and destructive war upon it. So ravenously have the sparrows been known to devour the insects, that in the height of the cicada season a few years ago the air would frequently be full of the floating gossamer wings of the devoured insect.

The only real injury done by the cicada is when the twig which has been bored to receive the eggs is not strong enough to recover from the wound. As a rule, the twig does recover and the wound scars over, but with very young nursery trees the wound is very likely to injure the tree beyond recovery. As a matter of fact the life of the twig in which the eggs have been deposited is considered necessary to the hatching of the eggs, though it was at one time thought that the female deliberately sawed the twig off after depositing her eggs in it. The cicada is also often maligned by being credited with having a poisonous sting. It has no sting at all. It can bite, but never has been known to do so to anything but the bark from which it wished to extract some juice. It might cause trouble by depositing an egg with its ovipositor in the flesh of a person, but the person who would quietly submit to that process, for the fifteen minutes which would be required to accomplish it, could have no just cause for complaint. Country boys freely play with them, inciting them to drum for the pleasure of watching the vibrating diaphragms, which in the seventeen-year locust are located just under the wings. And they carry them to school in their hats occasionally, that they may there discourse such music as is in them.

SHIRÎN.*

BY THOMAS ADDISON.

MY love lies lightly on her couch,
So fair, so pure! The silence that she keeps
Is Death, they tell me, as I crouch
Beside her; but I know she only sleeps.

I gaze upon her calm, still face,
And cannot find there aught to make me weep:
The subtle smile, the tender grace,
Of waking hours still haunt her placid sleep.

Within her closèd eyes I know
The love-light lingers yet, this restful day;
And I can almost catch the slow,
Sweet, solemn word her fragrant lips would say.

The slender hand that wove a chain
Of loving deeds around her winsome way
Would answer still the cry of pain,
As sunlight answers to the call of day.

The gentle heart, I know, still glows—
A faultless crystal chalice, pure and white—
And holds a sacred sorrow for our woes,
As dew-drops hold the tender tears of night.

Whate'er her strange sweet silence be,
It is not Death. For though her lips are dumb,
Her soul still surely speaks to me;
And blessèd answers to my questions come.

And thus I learn a secret sweet:
She whispers low: "We have not loved in vain;
For though no more on earth we meet,
Beyond the veil our hearts are one again.

"For Love is measured nor by time,
Nor place, nor state, nor any known degree,
But lofty, infinite, sublime,
Includes all space and all Eternity!"

And thus I know 'tis but to wait
With perfect patience some few yearning years,
Till I may pass the ivory gate
My love has passed, unstained by idle tears.

And so a sacred, calm delight
Within my hopeful heart its music makes;
And so I bid my love "Good-night,"
And wait to have her claim me when she wakes.

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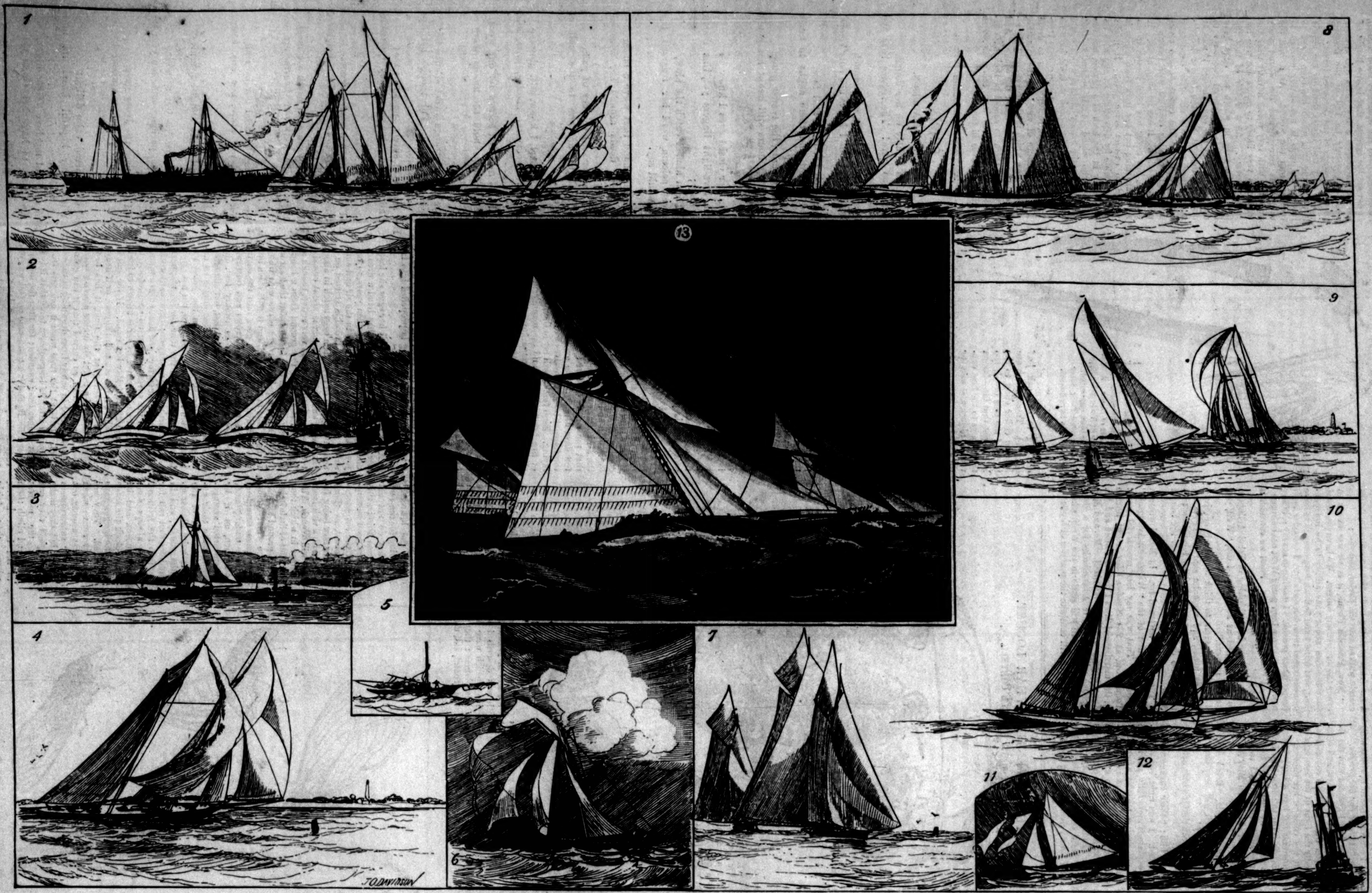
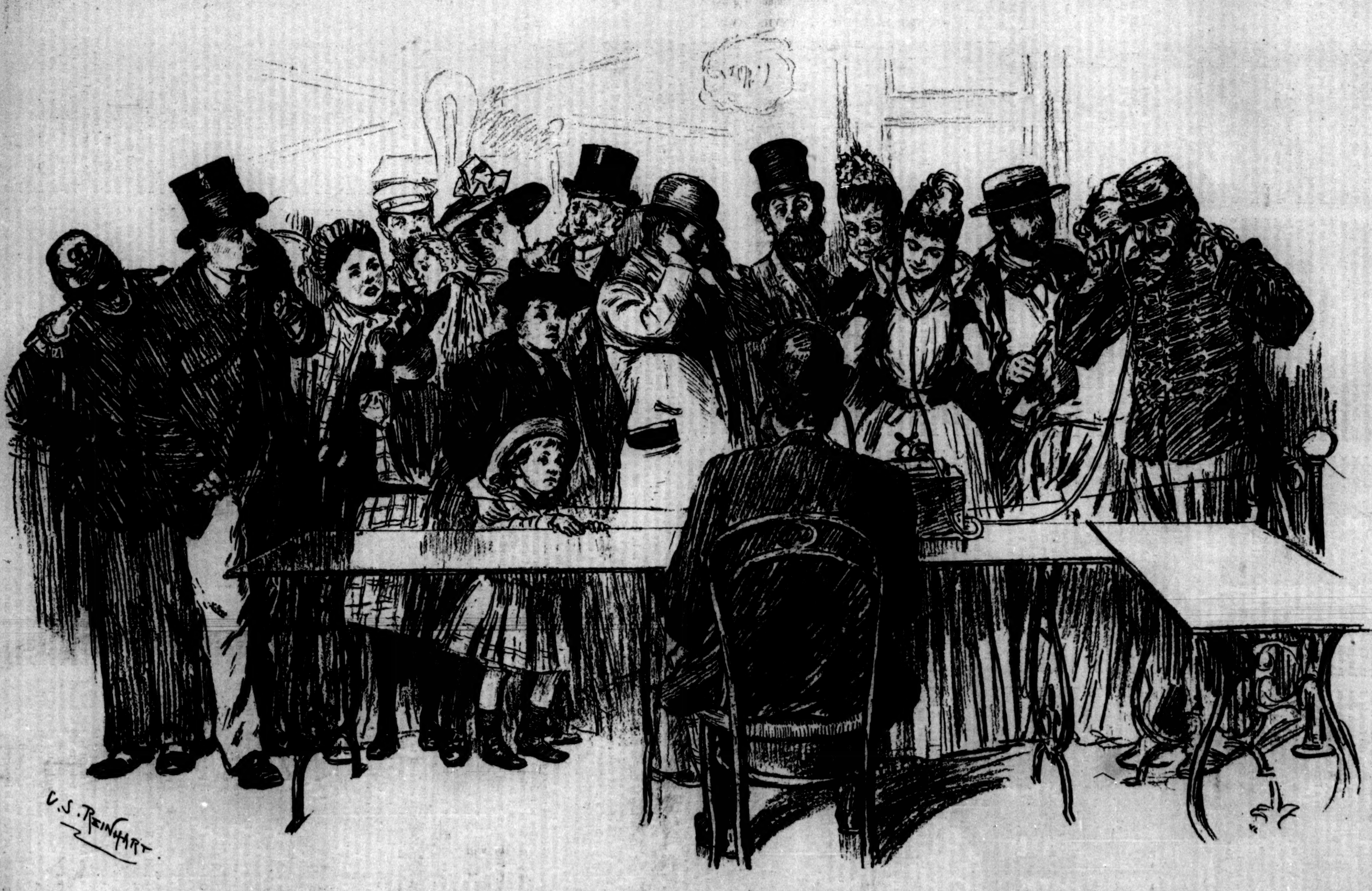
* A Persian word, meaning "Sweet."



THE JUNE RACES OF THE NEW YORK AND SEAWANHAKA YACHT CLUBS.—[See Page 519.]

1. The Start from the *Electra*, off South Beach, June 13th. 2. The Sloops at the Light-ship. 3. *Bedouin* aground in the "oil spot." 4. *Sea Fox* running in at Sandy Hook. 5. *Liris* loses her hollow Mast. 6. *Gorilla* loses her Topmast. 7. *Sea Fox* and *Katrina* becalmed. 8. *Bedouin*, *Mayflower*, and *Minerva*. 9. The Procession at the Hook—*Bedouin*, *Hildegard*, *Mayflower*. 10. *Mayflower* crossing the Line. 11. *Banshee* losing her Topmast. 12. *Kathleen* finishing first. 13. Dash of the Forty-Footers for the *Scotland* Light-ship.


C.S. REINHART

THE PHONOGRAPH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

THE consular service of the United States is of very little benefit to the country. It needs reformation from top to bottom. For years it has been a refuge for politicians and the friends of politicians. Sometimes an administration does itself credit by appointing a trained business man to a foreign commercial post. Occasionally a consulate is bestowed upon a literary man in order that he may accumulate a competence which will enable him to pursue his art undisturbed by *res angusta domi*. Hawthorne was sent to Liverpool not because he understood the commercial relations between England and the United States, but because he was President Pierce's classmate, and in need of the money which he undoubtedly deserved. Hawthorne remains the most conspicuous literary man who has ever held an American consulate. When the grateful republic desires to pay homage to a man of genius, the victim of her bounty is usually appointed to a diplomatic position where the expenses are greater than the income. Hawthorne made a good consul,

> "Sitting in a dismal office,
> Full of mates and full of captains."

He was in office at a time when the treatment of American sailors by their commanders was so savage and brutal as to arouse the energies and awaken the indignation of the philanthropic on both sides of the water. Hawthorne did a good deal to mitigate the evils to which sailors were exposed. He was active in their behalf, and he knew their story. Salem was full of seafaring men, and there was an especial fitness in the selection as their champion of the man who used to say that he had pirate blood in his veins, and whose great-grandfather, "Bold Daniel," was a privateer in the war of the Revolution. When he retired from the service he was thanked by Secretary Cass for the information on commercial topics which he had furnished to the State Department. Other less important literary men have been consuls at less important posts than Liverpool, and it is pleasant to record the fact that they have served the country much better than the average heeler and worker, who is supposed to be more practical than the mere writer of books. And yet it is not a sound policy which permits the appointment of literary men to consular offices merely because, on general principles, they deserve well of their country. No man should be a consul, and, of all countries, a consul of the United States, who has not been bred to the profession by a long course of training.

That a consul of this country especially requires training is a proposition that may astonish a good many easy-going people who have been taught to regard foreign appointments as plums of patronage, by the dispensation of which riches or a few pleasant years abroad may be given to a party worker. But the fact is that if an American consul does his full duty to his country, under its peculiar system of commercial law, he will have an office very far from easy, and just now very unpleasant. He will be very likely to pass his days in the performance of tasks which are not congenial, and his evenings in solitude, or in the society of whatever stray Americans may visit him. And this is largely due to the fact that both he and the people among whom he must live know that his office and rank are temporary. He is the servant of a government whose policy is to discourage foreign trade. In order to protect its own manufacturers from competition, it sets up barriers against their rivals. The result of the protective system must be constant war between the customs officers of the government which undertakes to maintain it, and the men whose profits lie in securing an entry into the market from which it is attempted to exclude them. This is an unequal contest when it is waged between small politicians who have never been educated in commercial matters, and the keen intellects of the business men of Europe. Nearly all foreign commerce is engaged in the effort to outwit the government of the United States, and whether protection is a sound or an unsound policy is not the question. So long as it is maintained, it is essential to meet, and if possible to overcome, attempts to make it inoperative. It is, of course, a question whether it is within the power of the public officers of any government to overmaster the knowledge, skill, and cunning of the craftsmen of the world, or whether the best official training and the longest official experience can ever match the training and experience acquired in the life-long practice of a mechanic or a business art. But this is a matter with which the administrative part of our government has nothing to do. Its solution lies with the legislative branch, and at present the decree has gone forth that the French manufacturers of silk and the English makers of woollens must be met at our customs frontier, to be overcome by careful watchfulness and intelligence whenever they undertake to play the tricks of their trade.

Our customs frontier is not conterminous with our geographical frontier. The most important function of a large majority of our important consular officers is in connection with the execution of the tariff law. The consul who goes to Liverpool or Manchester or Lyons or Havre is sent into the land of the stranger to spy out the cunning thereof. He ought not to discover methods by which the commerce of his country may be increased, but in what manner it may be restricted. His reports ought not to tell of people to whom American goods might be sold, but of those who are wickedly trying to sell to Americans goods that are cheaper than their home-made articles. Such ought to be the effort of the American consul, and if he does not perform that task it is because he does not understand the nature of the duties which our customs law imposes upon him, or else he is incompetent. He ought to be the outpost of the custom-house, the spy and informer of the collector and his inspectors and appraisers.

Under our law the consul ought to know the market value of every piece of goods exported to the United States from the district over which he has jurisdiction. When invoices are presented to him for his certification he ought to know whether the declared value is or is not the price which the American importer paid to the foreign manufacturer or merchant. There is no one to aid him in his enterprise. He must work alone, and in the face of all the obstacles that acute men can invent and throw in his way.

It is impossible to appreciate the worthlessness of our consular service until what might be done by efficient officers is contrasted with what is actually accomplished by those who are sent abroad to look after the commercial interests of the country. It must also be understood that the American importer is under as great a temptation as his foreign correspondent to defeat the law and its administrators. It becomes the business of every one not over-scrupulous to secure the introduction of goods into the country at low declared values. Even manufacturers who are protected by the government, and who are recipients of the tribute which the people pay for the maintenance of what are known as American industries, join in the game of bringing the laws into contempt. By securing a different classification of wools than was adopted at any other port in the country, the importers of Philadelphia were once enabled to obtain high-priced wools on payment of low-priced rates of duty. The angry dispute that was carried on between the sugar importers of Boston and New York is a matter of such recent history that it is unnecessary to repeat the facts.

Thus we have the foreign business community, American importers, and even American manufacturers, constantly devising methods to evade our customs law. This makes a very large and formidable body of friends of the law and enemies of its honest enforcement. It is a mistake to suppose that all importers are opposed to the prohibitive law; the most that can be said of them in this connection is that, while not all of them would make an active struggle in behalf of the system, there are some among them who are perfectly content to leave things as they are. It is true that among these are the sharp and unscrupulous dealers who avail themselves of the opportunities which the law and the government give to them to cozen the customs officers, and to take unfair advantages of their honest competitors. There is a common trick played under *ad valorem* laws which illustrates the methods that are employed for the purpose of importing high-grade goods as though taxable at low-grade rates. It is customary to distinguish certain qualities of silks and woollens by the number of cotton threads in a square yard. It is very easy, by adding cotton threads in the selvage, to import a fine silk as second or third rate goods. It is a trick which has been successfully played for many years by more than one French manufacturer. Any number of methods have been concocted by unscrupulous foreign exporters and American importers to evade the customs laws. It is not intended to question the ethics of the business community. It is, however, not only true that trade is conducted for the purpose of making money, but it is also true that it will insist on sweeping away obstacles to its natural flow, or will cut a new channel around them. The laws of the United States which relate to the administration of the custom-house assume that its officers will always be obliged to look out for and defeat attempted evasions of the tariff tax. Whether or not human nature likes the reflection, it is the truth, the United States government is very often the victim of practices which, in transactions between private persons, would be denounced as common swindling, and that would not be resorted to by those who are guilty of them except for the purpose of beating the customs law.

Another fact is true. Trade having worn itself a channel around the obstacle which government has placed in the way, they who are familiar with its new windings prefer them to the old and natural course. So far as importers are concerned, the protective system is as much the bulwark of established houses with large capital, and of foreign manufacturers and exporters, as it is of the domestic manufacturer. When a duty is based upon the price of an article at the place of export, it is very easy to declare a low nominal price to the agent or partner of the exporter. If an American capitalist is desirous of trying this effect of the tariff law, let him engage in the enterprise of importing silks or woollens or cutlery. He will not be long in the business before he will discover that his most dangerous competitors are not American importers who buy, as he is obliged to, in the open foreign markets. They are the agents and representatives of the people who sell him his goods. The tariff law kills competition in a variety of ways. Its operation is not confined to protecting the domestic manufacturer and the American working-man from the rivalry of cheap goods and pauper labor. It hampers and restricts trade in such foreign articles as may be imported. It steps in to defend those who can make satisfactory arrangements with their foreign correspondents.

The prevalence of the practice of undervaluing dutiable goods is familiar to all readers of the daily newspapers. For several years the undisputed evidence has been in the possession of Congress, and bills have been pending providing certain remedies for whatever is corrupt or careless at the custom-houses. A good deal of the success of undervaluations is due, however, to the insufficiency of our consular service, if that can be called a service which offers no promotion or permanency of tenure to those who enter it as a temporary cure for the ills of poverty, or for a brief vacation in a foreign country. From the character of the service demanded of an American consul in a foreign commercial port it is clear that a representative of this government who does his utmost to make its peculiar laws as effective as possible must have commercial training, the shrewdness and distrustfulness of a detective, and absolute integrity and independence. He must be proof against the social arts and blandishments of the community to which he is sent. He must be as offensive as is necessary to thwart designs upon the laws of the country which he represents. Occasionally a man may be found so persuasive, so inductive to confidences, that he may lead those who cultivate the art of concealment to betray to him the inmost secrets of their trade; but men like him are so rare that it would be the height of folly to found a public service on the theory that they would constitute its *personnel*. The average man who undertakes to catch another in misrepresenting the value of his goods must have the strength of character and the ability to command the respect of his antagonist, but he cannot hope to be liked.

There are very few consuls who are appointed to office because of their peculiar fitness for its duties, although there have been some very excellent consuls representing the United States. It may be stated, however, as a general proposition, that the presumption must be against the probable efficiency of a man who is sent to a consulate because he has helped a Congressman or a President to secure a nomination, or because he is the editor of a newspaper organ of the administration's party or faction, or because he is a spouter of ringing stump-speeches, or because he has worn himself out in the caucuses and primaries, or because he is the author of a collection of poems or a novel. What often happens is what might have been anticipated from the previous training of the appointee, and from the motive of his selection.

Many of the men who go abroad have never been engaged in a commercial transaction, and are absolutely ignorant of the trade laws of the country that they represent. In view of the peculiar task that must devolve upon many of our consuls, it may not be well to make too much of a point in favor of the selection of men who are acquainted with the ordinary and decent customs that obtain in polite society. Under the circumstances, we may feel ourselves obliged to forgive the consul who returned the call of an admiral of a United States squadron by sending his card by the admiral's orderly. We may be forced to overlook the social crime of our representative who, on a warm day in the Riviera, made a round of formal visits clad in an unpleasantly moist linen duster, a straw hat, and a palm-leaf fan. We do not pay men to refrain from these solecisms, and the truth is, many of the gentlemen who are in the consular service are there largely because the interests of the American manufacturer are not cared for with the zeal and industry that the laws of the country contemplate. There was a time, many years ago, when no country had a service, and when the office of consul was held by a merchant, selected by his colleagues in trade, and commissioned by the government. The world has outgrown that time, however, and this country, of all others, needs trained, diligent, and incorruptible officers. When it has such men, good manners will follow.

The history of our consuls abroad indicates how little value they are to the business interests of the country. Many of them go, first, for the purpose of obtaining a social position. Probably not one-tenth of them understand that their office bars them from presentation at court. The chief burden of many of the complaints that are addressed by American consuls to the State Department is that the salaries paid by the government are not sufficient to enable them to maintain a suitable social position, although the social position of the average consul is not one that demands the expenditure of very much money. An orderly and decent life and good manners are quite sufficient. If there were permanency of tenure in the service, with very little increase of salaries, and that here and there, we should undoubtedly have consuls possessing all the character and social position that the government needs and ought to require.

The first ambition of a new consul is to be on terms with the people among whom he is to live. He sees no reason why he should sacrifice his comfort or pleasure for the government. He is sure of his office only during the administration of the President who appointed him. Even if his own party is again successful in the following Presidential election, some one else's personal friend may desire four years at the particular post upon the enjoyment of which he is now entering. So he seeks at once the agreeable side of life. He accepts the courtesies of the men whose trade interests are directly hostile to the policy of his government. He becomes a member of the local clubs, and he is dependent on his dinners and his game of whist for his comfort and amusement. If the trade of the place with the United States is important, he becomes a social lion. He is in demand at banquets and civic festivities. The wit of his after-dinner speeches and the splendor of his annual Fourth of July party are themes for the panegyrics of the local newspapers. An American consul stationed in an important foreign manufacturing city may be always popular if he will. His reception of favors extends beyond the rites of hospitality. The government allows him a certain sum for office rent: a well-disposed merchant, with a shrewd eye to the extensive market of the United States, kindly offers him a place in his own establishment, and the American consul puts the money allowed for rent into his own pocket. Another sum is allowed for clerk hire. It is easy to save some of this by making use of the kindness of the same friend, who, as likely as not, finds that he has more clerks than the necessities of his business demand. Everything possible is done to unite the personal interests of the American consul with the commercial interests of the people to whom he is accredited. He is made to realize that if he does his full duty he will be unpopular. If he tells the whole truth as to what he sees, his office will be decidedly unpleasant. If he reports that the invoices of foreign manufacturers in dealing with their agents are not honest, life in a foreign country will not have for him the joys that he anticipated.

For his own comfort, he must become one of the community in which he lives. It is not an uncommon practice for American consuls to appoint as vice-consuls natives of the place where the office is situated. An American Consul-General in an Eastern country once chose as his vice-consul a Greek whose business was smuggling. The two were partners. For many years the office of the American consul in an important European city has been in the building occupied by a transatlantic steam-ship company. The vice-consul, a native of the city, has been in the employ of the company as its agent, and the consul has depended almost entirely on his subordinate in certifying invoices. The sign of the American consulate is at one window of the office; the sign of the agent of the company, and vice-consul, is at the other. A picture of this interesting building has been lithographed and distributed throughout Europe. It is a splendid advertisement for the company, for he who runs may read, from the juxtaposition of the signs, how easily goods shipped to America by that line may be undervalued. These facts have been called to the attention of the State Department in an official report, but the report was suppressed. It cannot be obtained. In the language of the office, it was treated as a private communication. Two American boys were robbed on a ship of this company. Redress was sought of the American vice-consul, who, as agent of the line, declined to entertain the complaint.

This is a gross illustration of much that is going on in our consular service; but not only are our consuls greatly tempted to save money at the expense of the country, but officers who try to do their duty are constantly in danger of losing their heads. There is a good deal of political influence on this side of the water in favor of the abuses which have for years disgraced the consular service of the United States. Two other experiences will illustrate the danger to which an honest officer is exposed by the exhibition of too much zeal, and the effect of a long tenure of office in enabling a consul to overcome prejudices engendered by the faithful performance of his duties. A consul in an inland manufacturing city had reason to believe that goods exported thence to the United States were systematically undervalued, and that there was collusion between the makers in his district and their customers in this country. He made careful inquires, and by the exercise of unusual ability and vigilance discovered that his suspicions were well founded. His report on the subject to the Secretary of State was a vigorous and thorough exposure of those who were engaged in defrauding the revenue laws; but for a long time the results were far from agreeable to the energetic consul. He was ostracized by the people among whom he was obliged to live, and the enemies he had made on this side of the water rose up against him and demanded his immediate recall. Their political influence was considerable, and it was not until the intervention of a prominent official, who happened to be on familiar, even confidential, terms with the friends of the Secretary of State, that the consul who had served the government to the best of his ability was safe from the revenge of those whom he had exposed.

Another consul, who represented the government at the port of one of the richest wine districts of the world, made an elaborate report, in which he described the process of manufacturing wines that was carried on on the very wharves of the city, openly in the public gaze. The wine-merchants of the town turned their backs upon him. The notarial business by which our consuls help out their salaries fell off. The consul remained. One administration after another reappointed him. The opposite political party carried the country, and still the consul held his office. The wine-merchants learned at last that they were to get no more pliant representative from the country with which they dealt. They made the best of their bargain. They never again treated the consul with the insulting familiarity which men adopt toward those whom they may purchase, but with the respect due to character. These two men are marked exceptions to the rule, which is that American consuls do not do their duty as they should under the tariff law which establishes the nature of our commercial intercourse with the world. It may be impossible, as I have already said, to secure the services of men who will be able to make our trade restrictions perfectly effective; but so long as we insist upon those restrictions the administrative part of the government has only one duty to perform, and that is to do its utmost to prevent undervaluations and all other frauds upon the revenue. If our government should ever go out of copartnership with its own manufacturers, consular duties will be pleasanter and of a more liberal sort, and the service which should be established now for the purpose of defending our policy and executing our statutes would become valuable in extending our relations with other countries.

The government and the country look somewhat contemptuously upon the consular office. There is no service with its prospective reward for merit, and those who are made consuls are neither trained men, nor are they led to believe that they must do their best to uphold the country's protective system. They soon realize that the best and most comfortable way to get along is to be Roman in Rome, and if they feel compelled to do anything at all for the American system, they content themselves with making an occasional exposition of foreign pauper labor.

There is an enormous inequality of salary. The Consul-General at London receives $6000 a year; the salary of the office at Paris is the same. The incumbent at London, however, has an income from his place considerably more than twice as large as is enjoyed by our representative at Paris. The former place has been worth from $40,000 to $60,000 a year. The Liverpool consulate is nearly as profitable. All posts in the United Kingdom are more valuable than those in other countries on account of the peculiar national laws of the British Empire. Some consuls are undoubtedly underpaid, but those who are so fortunate as to secure the prizes receive more than the consuls of any other country in the world. Now York is the principal port with which British merchants deal, and to the British Consul-General stationed there is paid a salary of £3660, less than half the profits of the American Consul-General at London, and considerably less than the income of the consul at Liverpool. At other ports and cities whose trade is valuable the representative of Great Britain is better paid than our own. The subject of salaries was fully discussed in an elaborate report prepared in 1884 by Assistant-Secretary of State John Davis, and submitted to Congress by President Arthur. With the report the draft of an act was submitted, and Congress was urged to abolish fees, to revise the salary list, and to appoint a commission for the remodelling of the consular service, which remains about as it was established in 1856, nearly forty years ago. The only intelligent attempt to improve the organization is embodied in acts of 1864 and 1874, providing for the appointment of thirteen consular clerks. These clerks hold office during good behavior, and are only removable on charges which the President must report to Congress. They are appointed after it has been satisfactorily shown to the Secretary of State, "after due examination and report by an examining board, that the applicant is qualified and fit for the duties to which he shall be assigned." They receive a salary of $1000 a year for the first five years of their service; after that they receive $1200. It was the purpose of the authors of this legislation that the clerks should be young men desiring to enter the consular service. They were to be distributed among the various consulates, at the pleasure of the President, in order that they might become familiar with the duties which they would eventually be called upon to perform. But the government does not secure their services as consuls, because the law offers them a premium to remain clerks. A consul has a short life, however merry it may be, and the consular clerk has permanent employment. The consequence is that the clerk declines promotion, and justly prefers his modest stipend and certainty of tenure to a slight advance of salary and a post which is every four years regarded as the quarry of a hungry pack of yelping "boys." Moreover, the first consulate that would be given to a clerk would not pay to its incumbent much more salary than a $1200 clerkship. It is not at all likely that a clerk would be promoted to a better than a $1500 consulate; but it is not so much the question of salary as of tenure of office with the consular clerks, and the fact that they are unwilling to accept promotion illustrates the value of permanency of employment. If there were a consular service the clerkships would naturally be its basis, and having once entered upon a career, a competent man would be as certain of promotion to the grade of Consul-General as a midshipman is of becoming a rear-admiral. The prizes of the foreign service are awarded as favors, and this is especially injurious to the consular branch of it, which is by far the more important. If our consuls knew that first-rate talent and zealous industry would surely meet with their reward, the United States would be better represented than it is in the ports of the world. We should not find our agents yielding to social attractions, or in collusion with foreign merchants and manufacturers for the purpose of defrauding our revenue laws. So long as our laws require that we shall be informed of the actual market value of imported goods, our consuls would make it their business to understand the trade secrets of the people to whom they are sent. They would forego pleasure, and would refuse the paltry bribes of low office rents and cheap clerks for the sake of placing themselves well at the State Department. We should hear no more of partnerships with steam-ship companies or with the foreign correspondents of American houses. With an adequate consular service we should have long ago adopted the recommendation of one of the cleverest of our consuls, and declared valuations would have been published in our ports of entry. The profits of importers would have been less, and the protective tariff might have lost that powerful support, but the laws of the country would have been enforced.

We have been considering consular duties from a very disagreeable point of view. Unfortunately the law compels us to regard them in that way. So long as we continue to enjoy the blessings of our present commercial law, shrewdness, alertness, cunning, and absolute indifference to surrounding opinion would carry their possessor to the highest places. There are consulates in which these qualities are not demanded. When our government ceases to take an active part in business, and its consular officers are simply charged with the duty of looking after the interests of American seamen and citizens who may find themselves in foreign places, and of reporting, for the benefit and spreading of our commerce, wherein trade in American commodities may be promoted, different qualities will be evoked, and a different order of men will come to the front. In both cases, however, the duty of the government is the same, and that is the establishment of a service where rewards, both in the matter of compensation and in permanency of employment, shall be sufficient to command, of those who enter it, the best they have to give.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

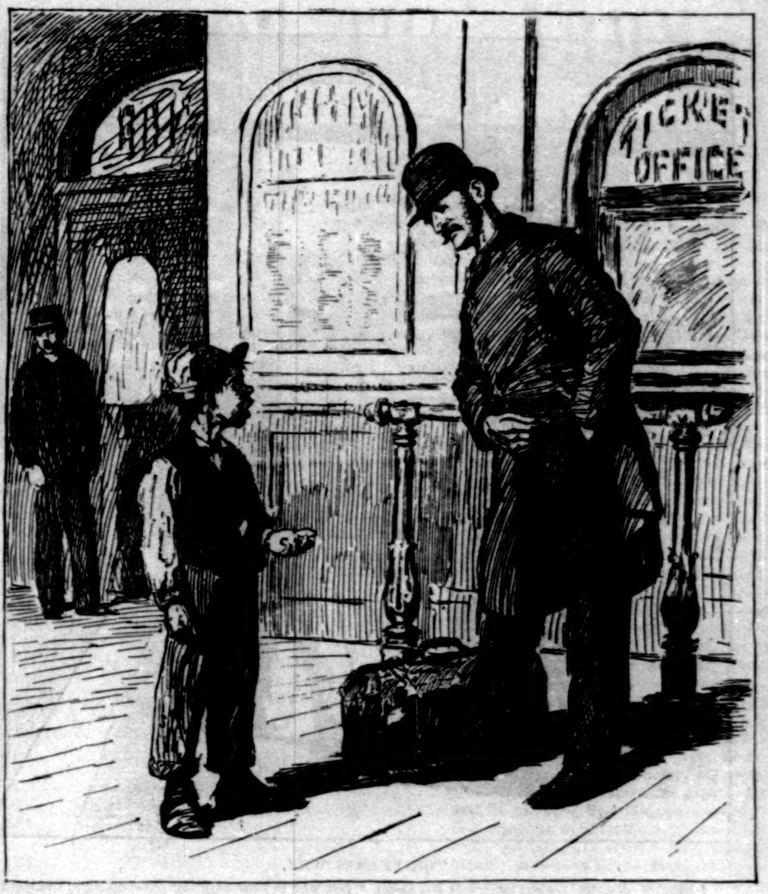
THE GREAT BOAT RACE.

THE Yale-Harvard boat race, on the 28th of June, is interesting to rowing men as showing the gradual tendency in this country to approach the English system of rowing and the English stroke by two of our leading universities. Yale was the originator of the English stroke in this country. In 1873, Robert J. Cook, then a Freshman at the college, and not of special boating reputation at the time, but known to be a strong, determined, and athletic Freshman, went to England, and through the courtesy of the boating authorities in Cambridge and Oxford, practised their strokes under the supervision of the captains of the "varsity" crews. He made up his mind that he could improve on these strokes. The first stroke that he taught the Yale University crew at Springfield was in many respects the basis of the stroke of this year. The back was kept straight, the head thrown back, the body brought to hardly more than a perpendicular position at the end of the stroke, and the chief work was done by means of the sliding seat and the legs. It was a stroke which was at the same time the laughing-stock of such men as Hammil, who was training the Yale Freshman crew, and the Ward brothers, who were training the Amherst and Williams crews, who were then present at Springfield. The old-fashioned Ward brothers' stroke was regarded at the time as the best stroke in vogue. It was very similar to the stroke used subsequently by the Sho-wae-cae-mettes, of Michigan—in other words, it was a "git thar" stroke. The reach forward was hardly as far as the toes, the back, arms, and legs moved simultaneously, and the body at the end of the stroke was at a slight angle forward of the perpendicular. It was a difficult stroke to pull for any distance beyond three miles by any except very strong athletes, the reason being that the swing of the body was so great as to pump the oarsman, without any corresponding benefit in the way of speed. To this day there are old professional oars who claim that this stroke is the best for a strong man. If one goes to the Thames in London, and watches the crews of the English Rowing Club and other professional and semi-professional crews on the river, he will find that they all pull one kind of stroke, with but little variation; that is to say, they rarely move their bodies beyond the perpendicular: there is rarely any attempt to get any of that so-called "swing" which at one time was a notable feature and the chief blemish of the Harvard crews. The trouble with the swing is that, like all pendulums, the body has to swing backward as well as forward, and on the backward swing a crew of eight men will be almost certain to retard the steady motion of the boat fully a minute to the mile, and crews of less number in proportion. But a single sculler who is a strong, brawny, untiring man can sometimes drive his boat by means of this false stroke nearly as rapidly as his competitors using the English stroke, though it is done in spite of the stroke and at great loss of strength.

In a race of four miles the great point that the captain of a crew and the trainer look to is, of course, the last half-mile; all the training and all the work done for the preceding year are directed to that last half-mile, and if a crew succeed in passing the two and three mile points, showing good speed, and weaken as they come to the three-and-a-half-mile point, then, of course, the pretty performance of the first few miles goes for naught.

It is not claimed for the English stroke that it is a pretty stroke, but it is by no means a homely stroke. Experts in rowing who saw the Yale crew in 1888 pronounced their exhibition on the water the most perfect specimen of skill that had ever been seen in America. The fact that there was no swing or pitch in the boat was fully made up by the smooth, machine-like, and elegant method of their stroke. It was seen that it had great power, and at the same time gave no appearance of the exertion of great strength. The men did not seem to be pulling hard; they were not puffing and blowing, and the boat did not move by jerks, but nevertheless the speed was something remarkable. An old Oxford oar, who stood by my side and watched them, several days previous to the race, said, enthusiastically, "That is the London eight rowing, with the single exception that they get in their leg and 'barrel' work better than any English crew I ever saw."

Mr. Cook claims to have made several important improvements on the English stroke as taught him at Oxford in 1873, and it is true that the present Yale stroke is a much finer and smoother performance than the crude stroke of 1873. The changes since that day are the result of Mr. Cook's wise and judicious study of the matter since he left college. It is very hard to persuade a college oarsman who has attained some success in class races, and who thinks that he knows it all, to adopt all the little peculiarities that go to make up a perfect stroke. He is often headstrong, self-willed, and has such a belief in himself that it is impossible to teach him anything. After several years, however, of constant coaching, and coaching in a wise direction, the college oarsman learns by instinct how to teach those who follow him. It is the constant changing of strokes and methods that has done more harm to both Yale and Harvard boating the last fifteen years than if each college had settled upon a certain stroke and tried no other.

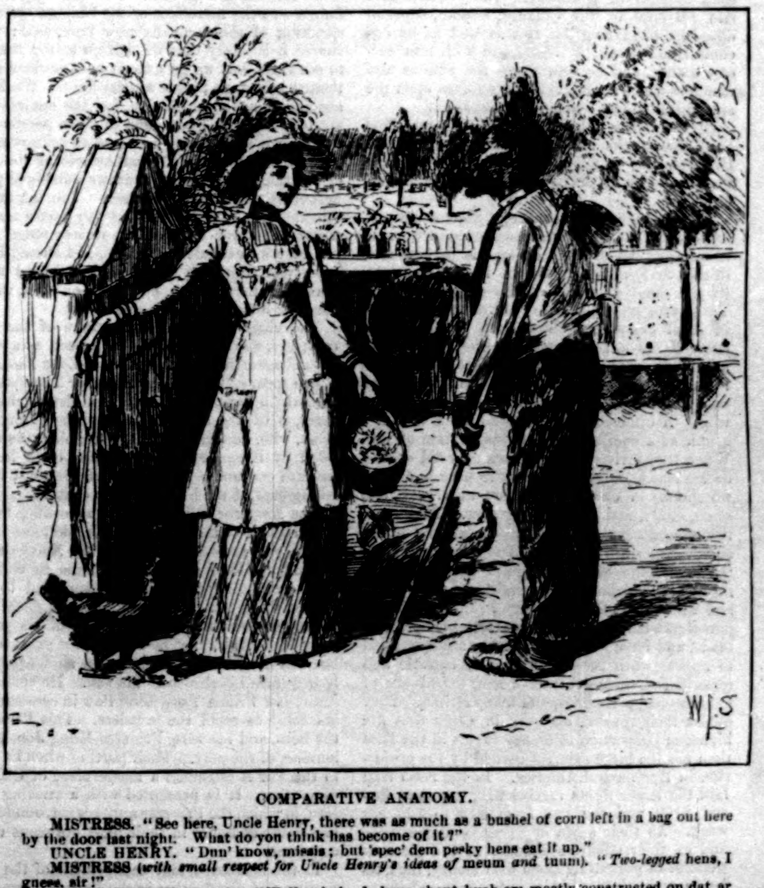


"TO THE MANNER BORN."

PUNCTILIOUS TRAVELLER. "*Now what ought little boys to say* when a gentleman gives them a nickle for carrying his satchel?"
SMALL BOY. "'Tain't 'nough."

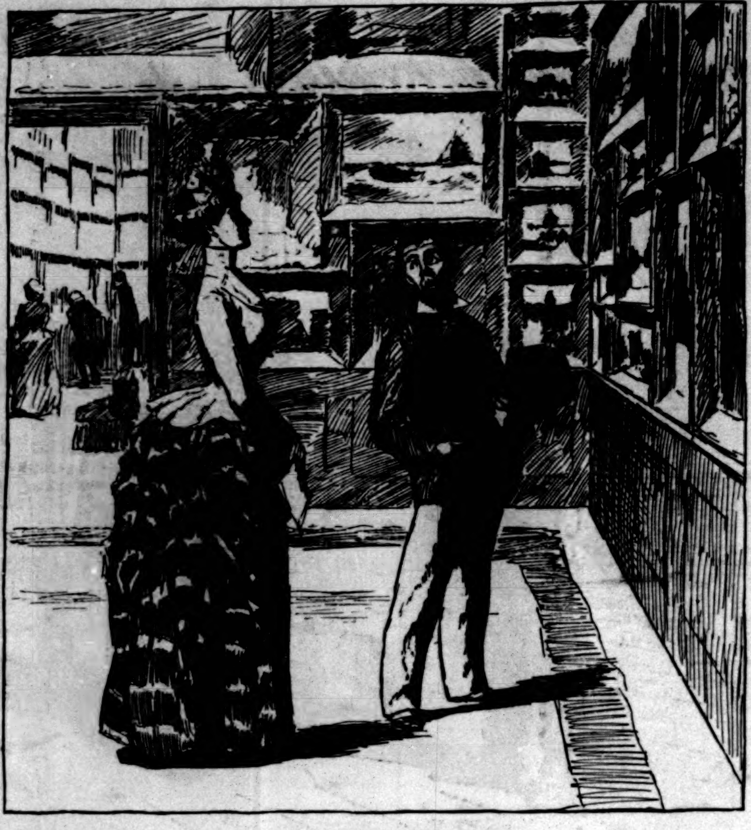
The cause of the changing of strokes from year to year has usually been traceable to professionals, and it has taken Harvard a number of years to learn that an eight-oar college crew can never gain anything from professionals. The professional oarsman rarely thinks out a matter himself. He adopts the methods of other professionals who have gone before, and he is the inferior of the college boating man in this work. When he does undertake to devise novelty in rowing, he makes, as a rule, an egregious fool of himself. In the year 1883 an old Yale oarsman, as he sat in the train of cars which was ready to follow the boats on the race day, looked down upon a singular sight. In the Yale boat, which was some ten feet longer than the Harvard, sat four pairs of men, each pair at considerable distance from the other. Each oarsman held a peculiar cuneiform-shaped blade. On the bow of the boat was a large wind sail, which caused some jocular Harvard men to insist that the Yale boat must be some new form of yacht. When the boat started it was seen that the Yale crew pulled a rapid, short, clipping stroke in four separate styles, which reminded one of an ancient Greek trireme starting out from Salamis. It was also seen that the crew, more powerful than Harvard's, were driving their boat rapidly to the fore. At once, among the legions on the train of uninformed and uninstructed rowing men, it was decided that Yale had discovered a new and easy method of covering the four miles at a speed which would leave its rival far in the rear. At the mile flag, however, the new professional experiment proved entirely wanting. Steadily, and on an even keel, the Harvard crew forged ahead. The Harvard stroke of that year had some of the old "Dicky Dana" swing. The crew did not cover the four miles in very good time, and the same Yale crew, as Bob Cook remarked at the time, pulling a proper stroke, and seated properly in the boat, with oars of a proper length, could have easily distanced Harvard after the third mile. But Yale was thus learning the fallacies of professionalism. Other professionals have at times tried to devise a new system of boat rowing for eights, and have signally failed.

JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.



COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

MISTRESS. "See here, Uncle Henry, there was as much as a bushel of corn left in a bag out here by the door last night. What do you think has become of it?"
UNCLE HENRY. "Dun' know, missis; but 'spec' dem pesky hens eat it up."
MISTRESS (*with small respect for Uncle Henry's ideas of* meum *and* tuum). "*Two-legged* hens, I guess, sir!"
UNCLE HENRY (*gravely*). "Well, missis, de hens about hyah am mostly constructed on dat ar principle."



THE REASON WHY.

PRETTY COUSIN (*in art gallery to Mr. Sissy*). "But why is your painting hung so high, Charley?"
MR. SISSY. "Well—er—you see, Maud, there are a good many vandals come in here with umbrellas and canes, and I told the committee to hang it as high as possible, to keep it out of their way."

THE CHINESE MIMES.

A FRESH illustration of the cosmopolitan character of New York city is afforded this week by the appearance of a Chinese dramatic company at the Windsor Theatre in a series of select plays from their own literature. Thespians in the Orient are as prone to altisonance and verbal splendor as our only P. T. Barnum. Each organization styles itself "The Heavenly Eloquent Company," "The Imperial Golden," "The Prosperity and Beauty Fraternity," or something equally magniloquent. Our visitors are no exception, and call themselves the *Swin Tien Lo*, or *Soon Han Lok* ("The Sublimest Company").

It consists of nearly fifty male actors, young and old, women never being allowed to go upon the stage. Minor female parts are taken by boys and youths; important ones by a class of actors who have no counterpart in the American dramatic world, but of whom "the female impersonator" of good old minstrel days is the nearest approach. Of this class the present company has a notable representative in Tak-A-Wing, who has long been considered a star of the greatest magnitude. His voice is a treble, almost a soprano, and from incessant practice, both on and off the stage, has become permanent rather than falsetto in character. The peculiar gait and carriage of the Chinese woman, superinduced by bandaging the feet as well as by circumscribed modes of living, are with him second nature, and he reproduces the actions and manners which Oriental etiquette forces upon the sex with a fidelity which is remarkable.

Of the actors who assume male parts, Moo Sung Jee is the most celebrated and popular. His rôles may be fitly compared with those made familiar by Frank Mayo in D'Artagnan and Nordeck.

He has an agreeable voice, a good stage presence, and a thorough knowledge of his art, which it is hardly necessary to observe is far more artificial than anything known in the Occident. Of the other members of the company, Tzung Yung, who plays pathetic "old men," Lee Yuen in royal characters, Chow Loon Yin and Woy Soon Wo as warriors and statesmen, Li Shi Dau as a ghost, genius, or demon, all deserve especial mention. The remainder are both capable and well trained. It would be wonder were it otherwise. A Chinese dramatic company is as much a unit as a company of soldiers in time of war. When they arrived in New York they did as they do invariably, engaging an entire floor in a huge warehouse in Chinatown, where they cook, eat, sleep, study, and rehearse together. They practise unceasingly, and do it in a way that would startle American players. Any departure from the precedents of their stage is met with scolding and objurgation, fines, penalties of extra work, and where the offence is very heinous with corporeal punishment. Chinese actors are born, not made, and from the first time they are permitted to appear, until they have become capable and experienced, their lives are a long experience of harsh words, privations, and many stripes. They obtain their reward, however, in wages that are higher in proportion to money values in the East than are the large salaries earned by the profession in Europe and America. In the Soon Han Lok the lesser lights receive $10, the stars $50 and $100, and the rest from $12 to $25 per week. As their mode of living is inexpensive, and as their admirers indulge in the pleasant practice of presenting them with money, food, tobacco, and opium, their lot is far from unhappy.

The "Sublimest Company," like many amateur actresses, glories most of all in its wardrobe. Their pride is somewhat justifiable, as their many robes and dresses, armor and costumes, although somewhat the worse for wear and tear, are about as rich and beautiful as anything ever seen in this country. In the East, men's attire is remarkable for color and brilliancy. The mandarin, the scholar, the noble, the general, and the high official has each distinctive robes, not only for the class to which each belongs, but also for the occasion where it is to be worn. The Sublime is thoroughly equipped in this regard, having not only all the standard articles of wear which belong to to-day, but also the numerous styles of the past. In the *Faithful Vassal* they give in this way a very excellent picture of Chinese life as it was centuries ago under the Tang dynasty.

As might be naturally expected, the "Sublimest Company" have not drawn great audiences of Americans to their performances, and here, as on the Pacific coast, where they first appeared, they rely chiefly on the patronage of their fellow-countrymen. Americans who go from curiosity to see them are quickly satisfied, and generally wearied by the tediousness of the action.

The Chinese people themselves look down upon their actors more contemptuously than the British nation did in the days when the term "player" was one of reproach. For example, Wong Lau, a wealthy merchant of the Chinese quarter, speaking of the company now here, said: "Of course it is likely that we will go to the theatre to see them, but we go exactly as American gentlemen might go to see a prize-fight. We have absolutely no consideration for the actors, and not only have no knowledge of them personally, but we would be rather ashamed to acknowledge it if we had any. With you Americans the line of exclusion from society is drawn outside of your first-class actors and actresses. You might invite them to your houses, but you would not so invite the lower class of the variety stage. In our case we exclude them all. If I should have a party of friends at my house, and should introduce an actor to them, every one of them would consider himself foully insulted."

The chief play in the répertoire of the new company, and one that has long been a favorite with Chinese theatre-goers, is *Shee-Long Tan-Moo*, which means, "The Loyal Slave, or The Faithful Vassal." The play, which is of a historical character, is of the age of the Emperor Tang Tai Zoon, who, according to the chronology as compiled by the missionaries, reigned early in the seventh century. It was one of the most flourishing eras of the history of the country.

The Emperor in his old age, according to the construction of the play, which is said to be faithful to the records, was beset by Northern invaders, and had at the same time to contend with domestic treachery. He appealed to the spirits, who prove propitious, but who deem him worthy of punishment for the sins of his youth. They inform him that he must suffer great trials, but will be preserved, and that he shall eventually bequeath his throne to his son. He sends his son-in-law Prince Yung Zoon Pow in command of his army to repel the invaders. This Prince is the hero, and his wife, Princess Kung Joo, is the heroine, of the play. Their parting when he goes to the war is esteemed a masterpiece of Chinese dramatics. It is presented with a striking tableau, in which the Princess appears surrounded by her maids of honor in their most gorgeous court costumes.

In the first important engagement of the war, mutiny and disaffection in the imperial army result in their complete defeat. Not only are his soldiers routed, but the Prince and his personal adherents are captured by the Tartars. In captivity, however, the hero displays his literary ability to such advantage that the Tartar King not only frees him from captivity, but loads him with honors, and bestows his eldest and fairest daughter on the Prince as a wife. Five years later, news comes from China that induces him to obtain a parole from the Tartar, and leaving his wife and a son who has been born, he returns home. Here he finds that matters have steadily grown worse. The Chinese armies have all suffered defeat, and rebels in the very capital have slaughtered all the relatives and friends of the Prince, excepting his first wife. She has escaped, aided by Tsung Yung the "Faithful Vassal," and has started North to find her husband. She can travel only by night, owing to the disturbed and warlike condition of the country, and her progress is slow. At length she is lost in the wilderness. Here the vassal conceals from his mistress the fact that food is scarce, and eating nothing himself, he dies of starvation. At the moment before his death the Prince arrives, just in time to hear Tsung Yung's last words.

The Prince returns with his wife to Tartary, and tells the King the story. The latter is so moved that he becomes an ally at once of the Chinese Emperor as against his rebellious servants, and sends Prince Yung Zoon Pow at the head of a vast army back to China to fight for his Emperor and his own vengeance. He conquers and slays all his enemies, man, woman, and child, and is proclaimed the heir-apparent to the thrones of both China and Tartary, and his wives are made queens consorts. The entire play is poetic and epigrammatic in language, and approaches the dignity of an epic. It is one of the favorites of the Chinese theatre-goers, having retained its popularity for centuries.

WILLIAM E. S. FALES.

THE OUTFLOW OF GOLD.

THE shipments of gold to Europe continue. The amount this week, going by to-day's steamers, and destined, like the recent shipments, for Paris, is about five and a half millions, and it makes a total of fully seventeen millions in four weeks. Practically no effect has yet been produced on the money market, the bulk of yesterday's call loans having been at 2½ per cent., though 3¼ to 4 was quoted late in the day. Time loans are also a little less easy than they were, but the figures are still low. The continuance of this movement of gold to Paris is much discussed, and many people persuade themselves that there is something special or unusual about it. It seems, however, to be an ordinary case of settling trade balances, and it is a mistake to suppose that exchange could be sent more cheaply than coin; for while small amounts of exchange might be procured and utilized on about equal terms with coin, there is so little exchange to be had at present that it is really not available. Sterling is not at present an advantageous remittance to Paris, being low in that market; and even if it were, it would be no easy matter to procure it in quantities to suit the present demand. The outward movement of gold is not yet at an end, and it may last well into July, and it will be better to accept it as what it is, a natural incident of our foreign trade.

There was more discussion than heretofore yesterday as to the effect of the gold outflow upon the bank statement and the future of the money market, partly because for a couple of days New York exchange had been quoted in Chicago at a small discount, which was, however, changed again to a premium in yesterday afternoon's despatches. The Western demand for currency is likely to be earlier than usual this year, but it has hardly declared itself yet. The actual beginning of this demand will soon tell upon our loan market, and no one can tell when our rates will take a higher range. But higher rates for money, both on call and on time, will certainly have their advantages. They will dispel the present natural feeling that money is easy because so much of it is idle, and they will soon increase the amount of foreign exchange on sale, for bankers will draw freely under such circumstances when the rates of exchange show that they can cover with gold if nothing else offers. Hence higher rates for loans will at once tend to reduce the rates of foreign exchange, and so to stop the export of gold. There is undoubtedly a great deal of idle money both here and in Europe, which is available for this market, but not at two and a half to three per cent. Moreover, the time is not distant when our exports of produce and merchandise will be more active, thus modifying or changing the current trade balance, and, like better rates for money in this market, increasing the supply of foreign exchange. The gold movement, therefore, ought to be a bugbear, for it is not mysterious, but natural and healthy.

How far the Treasury will or can make good to our banks the gold which they are now losing by export is a difficult question. Its purchases of bonds are at present small. Its deposits in national banks are about $42,000,000, out of its available surplus of some $62,000,000, and they do not seem to increase. The special fund in the Treasury for the redemption of national bank notes is rather smaller than last week, but amounts, by the latest figures we have seen, to $79,000,000 of lawful money, all of which ought to be in the banks instead of the Treasury, but is locked up in accordance with legislation which is quite anti-commercial in its character. Take the two amounts together—$62,000,000 of available surplus and $79,000,000 of lawful money locked up to await the presentation of as many bank-notes—and we have a total Treasury hoard of $141,000,000, of which sum $42,000,000 are on deposit with national banks on terms which make them virtually a call loan terminable at the option of either party. It is the greatest waste of financial resources to be seen to-day in the civilized world. But when the people realize the fact they will presently determine that it must be remedied, and discussions in Congress will afterward find the way.

The stock-market is dull and firm. The fair promise of the crops sustains the hopeful feeling, in face of some railroad dissensions and the tedious process of settling railroad disputes which have a real foundation in geography. That the feeling is hopeful is shown by the firmness of railroad stocks under these circumstances, and perhaps still more by the wide-spread interest taken in certificates of the National Lead Trust and the Sugar Refining Company. It would have been impossible to excite this interest last year; the most promising stories about these properties would have fallen flat, and even the dividends of the sugar concern would have failed to make the certificates popular, as popular they certainly are now. The disposition to make ventures, to take some risk, has certainly increased of late months, though there is a great amount of money which has not yet made up its mind to anything more risky than loans or negotiable securities. Should the harvest come anywhere near to realize its promise, matters are in train for lively business in stocks of all kinds.

In the mean time there is a good market for investment securities, though restricted by high prices of bonds of really approved character. As to new securities, bankers are taking them on private terms, and waiting the development of demand before offering them to the public, as in the case of the first instalment of the new loan of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway Company. This new loan, nominally for $150,000,000, but with $118,000,000 reserved to redeem bonds already existing, is the most striking instance of the way in which railroads propose to turn to account the four per cent. days which have now replaced the former age of six and seven per cent. loans, and it will serve the company's needs for years of new development to come.

H. J. MACDONALD.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June 22*, 1889.

A MULTITUDE OF AILMENTS.

THE ailments which afflict the kidneys and bladder are so numerous that merely to name them would fill a space far outrunning the limits of this article. Suffice it to say, that they are both obstinate and dangerous. To their prevention Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is well adapted. The stimulus which it lends to the action of the kidneys when they are lethargic serves to counteract a tendency in them to lapse, first, into a state of pernicious inactivity, and afterwards into one of positive organic disease, which soon destroys their delicate integuments, poisops the blood, and causes death. A double purpose is served by this depurent. It promotes activity of the kidneys, and expels impurities from the blood which have no natural channel of outlet, except these organs. Constipation, biliousness, fever and ague, rheumatism and dyspepsia, are also remedied by this medicine of thorough action and wide scope.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM.—The safest, most reliable, and wholesome Food for Infants and Children. A nourishing, strengthening, and delicious Food for nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
Keeps the skin soft, white, and healthful. 25 cents. All Druggists, or P. O. Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER a sleepless night, use ANGOSTURA BITTERS to tone up your system. All Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

SAVED.—A fine family of children were all afflicted with scrofula. Two died early; the rest would soon have followed, but for the timely and persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which built them up into a healthy and vigorous manhood.—[*Adv.*]

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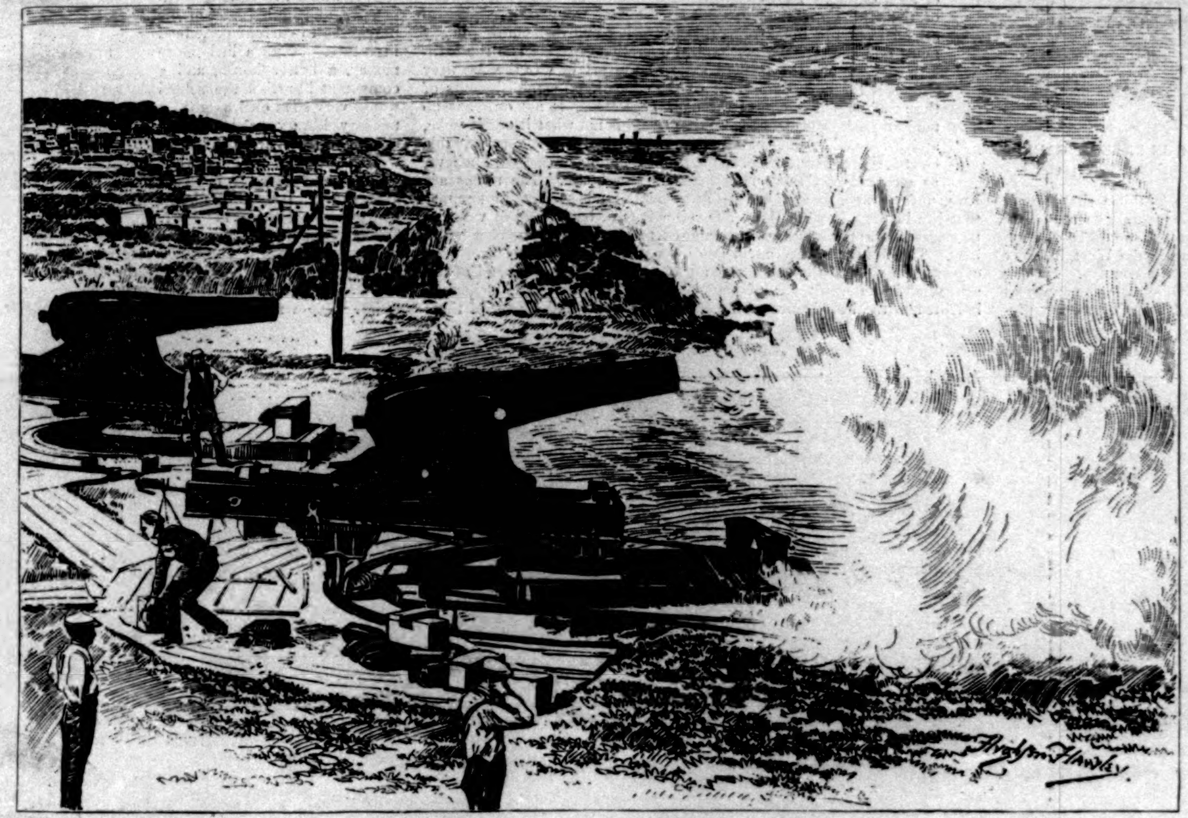
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF THE ARMY.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

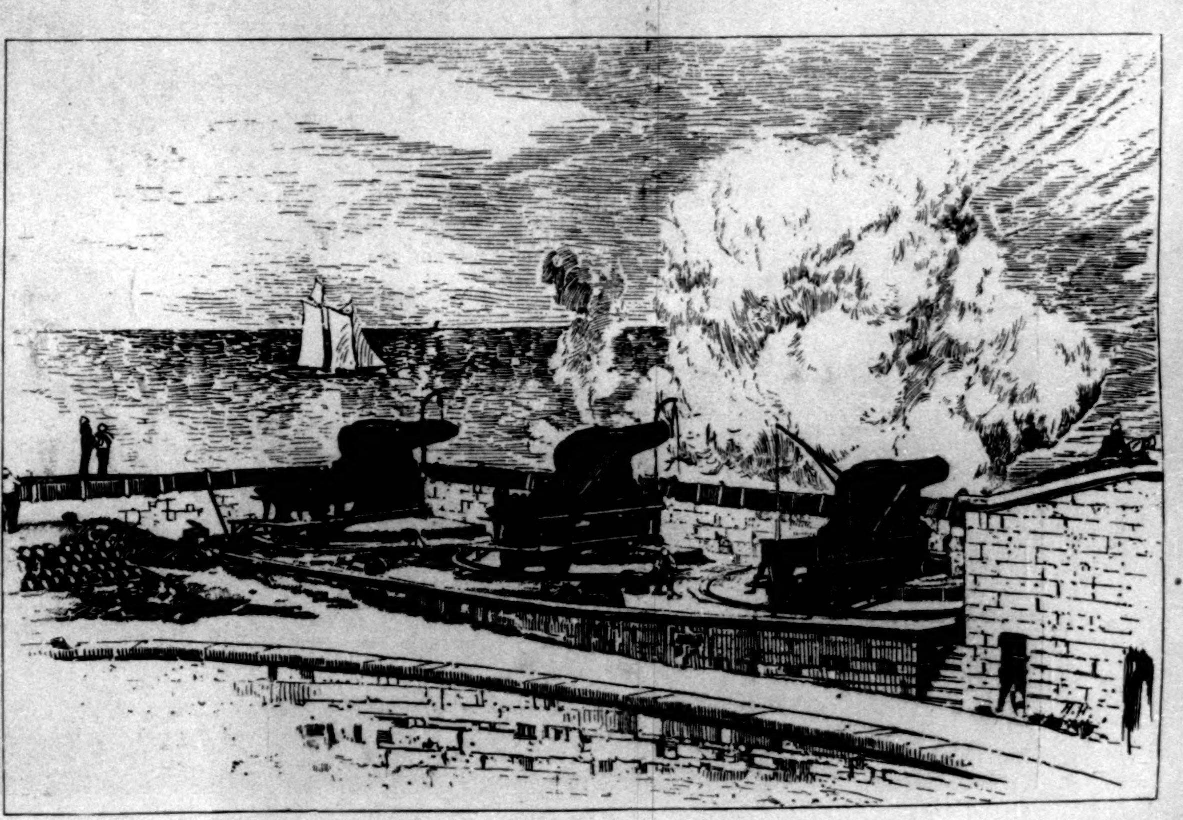
SO far as its effectiveness as a fighting force goes, the army of the United States is little more than a name. It is so weak in numbers, so deficient in material, so scattered, and so much ruled by politicians instead of by soldiers, that it is not in itself, and as a body, a first-class school of instruction for its officers and men. There is, however, a large amount of educational work done in the army outside of the Military Academy at West Point. Every arm of the service has its own school for post-graduate courses, the thoroughness of which is highly commendable to the officers who act as instructors and students. There are the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, the Engineer Torpedo School at Willet's Point, the Cavalry and Light Artillery School at Fort Riley, and the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. At each of these posts there is a good deal of intellectual activity, and the interest that is shown by the officers stationed there is surprising, when one considers the poverty of the army in modern material of war. Not a modern gun has been delivered to the troops, and yet we find modern weapons and projectiles studied as carefully and as thoroughly as is possible without actual practice.



FIRING EIGHT-INCH CONVERTED RIFLES.

This is especially true of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. In the evolution of modern warfare it has come to pass that to the United States the heavy artillery is the most important branch of the army. Upon it and the navy we must depend in any war in which we may engage with a foreign power. Whatever may be the result of the contest between the target and the projectile, whatever may be the character of the new ships or the coast defences of the future, upon one thing all military authorities agree, and that is that this country will fight whatever enemy may come against it on its seaboards or in its harbors. Whether our ships shall be heavily armored, or built for speed and dependent on the long range of their guns, the weight of metal in their projectiles, or the uniformity and destructive force of their high explosives; whether dynamite guns, torpedoes, Grüsons turrets, or earthworks shall form the chief reliance of our coast defenders—it is settled that our army and navy should know all that can be learned of the problems involved in the experiments in guns, explosives, methods of firing, and in defences that are everywhere going on. The discovery, or recognition, of the best methods of conducting battles between ships, and between ships and forts, and of the best material that can be employed, constitutes the task before the officers of our land and sea forces.

It is true that we are not in immediate danger of war, but it is also true that we are very far from being prepared to contend at once with, not first and second, but third and fourth rate powers. So long as we maintain any army or navy at all, it is well that they should be advanced to the very highest point of efficiency. The trouble at present is that, with few exceptions, our soldiers are not instructed in the use of modern arms, except theoretically, in the schools; and it would be impossible, in the event of an emergency, for our "nucleus," as we call the army, to give to volunteers the practical instruction which they would need in order that they might become such troops as will be essential to success in any war that may break out in this day, when the art of battle is so completely dependent upon the laws of science, and upon each soldier's accurate knowledge of his tools—a knowledge that will inspire every man with the self-dependence that was not so necessary in the days when he always felt the elbow of his comrade in the ranks.



FIRING FIFTEEN-INCH GUNS.

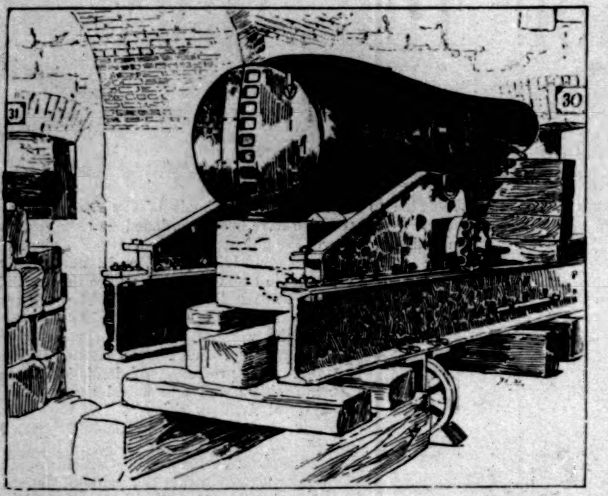
No men in the country appreciate the changed conditions of war so keenly as the officers who instruct and study in the Artillery School at Fort Monroe. It is true that their knowledge of breech-loading guns, not to speak of the latest improvements in heavy ordnance, must be obtained at second hand; that they learn the details of the construction of the most destructive projectiles from the literature and reports of foreign services; that not a single effective piece can be fired from the ramparts of their absolutely defenceless fortifications. Nevertheless, the officers at the school pursue their experiments and studies with results that give them rank among the best artillerists of the world.

In 1888 two shots were fired at Shoeburyness, England, from a wire-wound gun. It is a comparatively light gun, with a calibre of 9.2 inches. The weight of its projectile is 380 pounds. It was fired at an angle of 40 degrees, and the initial velocity was 2375 feet a second. The mean shot is known to artillerists the world over as the "jubilee shot." Before the gun was fired, the problem of the shot was given out by the professor of ballistics at Woolwich to all the artillery schools of the world. It contained the elements which have been mentioned, and the question was asked, How far will the gun send the projectile? The mean distance of the two shots was 21,203 yards, or 12 miles and 83 yards. The greatest altitude reached by the projectile was 6274 yards—a little more than three and a half miles. The shot travelled higher than any mountain on the North American Continent or in the world, except some peaks of the Himalayas and the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes. The professors of ballistics worked their problem, and announced the results to the Royal Artillery School. The most accurate result was obtained by Captain James M. Ingalls, of the First Artillery, who is instructor in ballistics at Fort Monroe. Captain Ingalls's computation was within 166 yards of the mean shot, and within 11 yards of one of the shots. This fact, and the further fact that the ability of this officer is recognized by the army and is utilized at the school, illustrate the intelligence and capacity of the officers of the United States army. Without furnishing proper means for practical experiment, the government has in its service an officer who is recognized as one of the first authorities in ballistics, and other officers of reputation in their specialties.

This shot ought to serve as a warning to the country, which leaves its richest cities unprotected. The accompanying illustration shows the point in the harbor of New York from which the gun might send its 380-pound projectile into the business part of the city. It may be objected that the piece could not be discharged at so great an angle as 40 degrees from the deck of a modern ship without irreparably damaging the carriage and the vessel. The best authority, however, says that there is no reason why such a comparatively light gun should not be discharged from a ship of war at any desired elevation. But even if we assume the correctness of the position of naval experts that 18 degrees represents the greatest angle of elevation at which a gun can be safely discharged from a vessel, the projectile of this particular gun would then travel more than eight miles. It has been discharged at an angle of 15 degrees, with the result of sending the shot 7.63 miles.

There is nothing in this country which can resist this shot. Judging from recent experiments in resistance, there is nothing in the world which can successfully oppose the force of a projectile of 380 pounds, sent from a gun with the initial velocity of this Longridge 9.2-inch cannon. It is certain, of course, that no city, and especially no great city like New York, can be turned into a suffocating bomb-proof. If guns alone are in question, the wealth of the metropolis would be always at the mercy of any power possessing an armed ship. But fortunately for the security and the peace of mind of peoples who have jealous and evil-disposed neighbors, there is something more in the art of attack and defence than engines of destruction and their missiles. There have been times when walls were stronger than projectiles, when the target was proof against ordnance; but theuse of explosives in warfare changed all that; and in our time, as in the time of our grandfathers, forts and ships are strong only as they have the means of replying to those who attack them.

The "jubilee shot" warns us that we cannot make any response to a projectile hurled at our cities from a piece of modern ordnance. We are making experiments with dynamite guns and with torpedoes, but thus far we possess nothing whatever for our

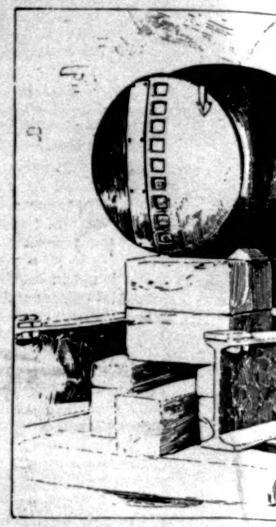


MOVING CARRIAGE OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN—GUN FREE OF CARRIAGE.

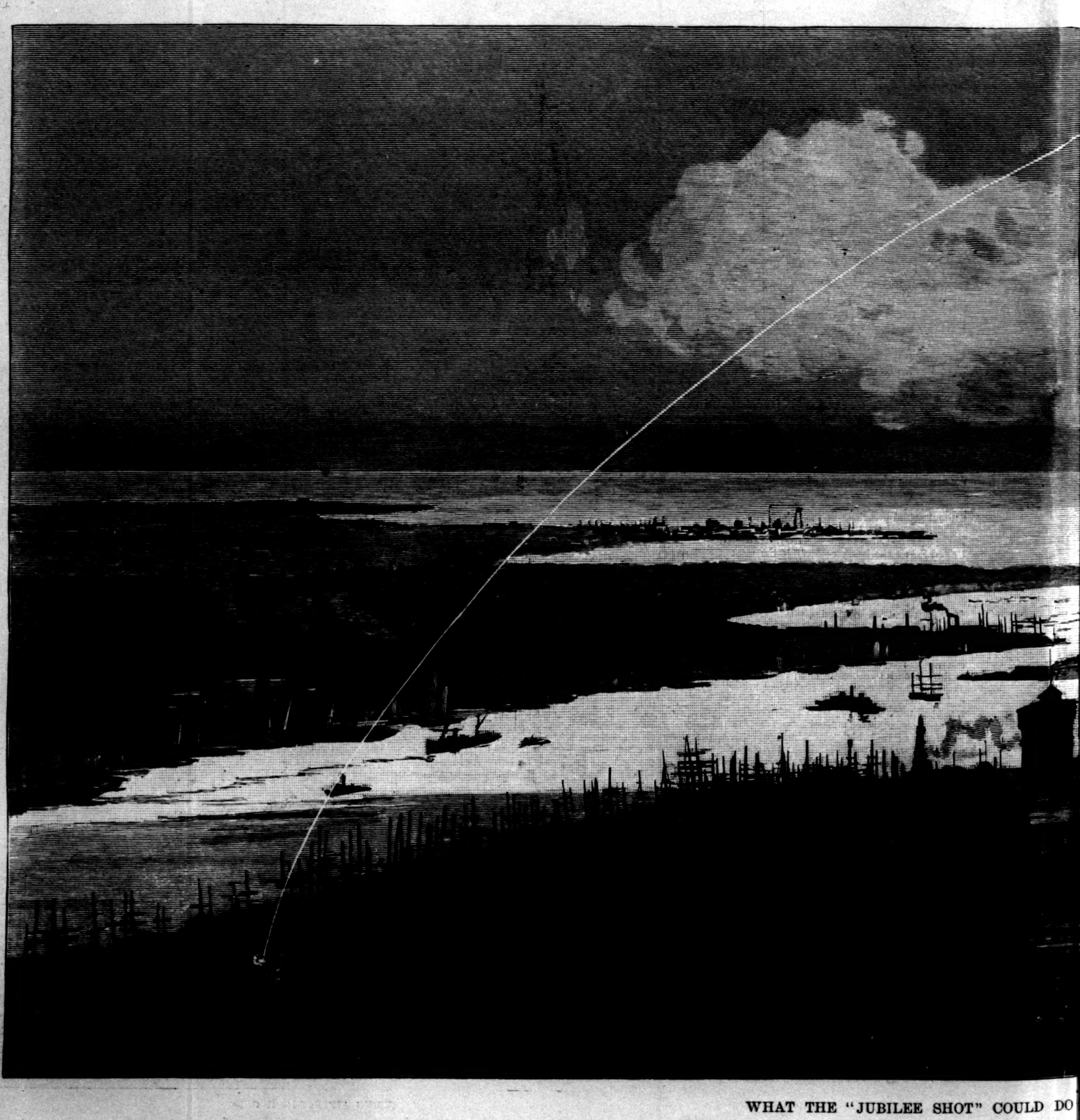
defence, and the only answer we could make to a "jubilee shot" would be in money. The banks and citizens of New York would be compelled to buy off the enemy at an enormous cost, a cost that would be felt not only in the city, but on every acre of farming land in the West, in every mine, in every workshop, and in every factory in the country. No one is more short-sighted, or less patriotic, than the public man who supposes that a war ransom wrung from New York will not be paid by every producer in the land, or that the humiliation of an inglorious defeat will not be felt by every citizen.

The value of the Artillery School at Fort Monroe lies in the fact that it is furnishing instruction, as far as it can without proper material, in the most advanced achievements in the construction of ordnance. Its development and present position are entirely due to the army. Congress has done very little for it, and although politicians might do a good deal to its injury by securing the detail of inefficient officers to act as instructors, fortunately their favorites are not usually those who delight in the exercises of higher mathematics, of chemistry, and of electricity. For ten years the school has been granted an annual appropriation of $5000. Beyond that sum the fort has cost the government very little more than it would if it had remained a mere artillery post. It is probable that not a score of members of Congress understand or appreciate the character and value of the work that is being carried on at the school. Even those who go to Old Point Comfort to enjoy the rest and the sea-breezes realize very little beyond the fact that a picturesque old fort and an agreeable set of officers add considerably to the pleasures of their outing. They enjoy the parades and the band, but very few of them take sufficient interest in the real work of the post to attend even the important drills in raising and dismounting heavy guns, and in the many mechanical operations essential to the artillery service. In the present state of the art of war the Artillery School is the most important of the educational establishments of the army, and it is one of the most neglected. It not only has no modern guns or projectiles, but its library is not what it ought to be, and its school-rooms, containing, among other things, very valuable electrical apparatus, are in an old frame building, once used, I believe, as a commissary's or quartermaster's storehouse. The rooms are bare, unfurnished, uncomfortable apartments, and so hot in summer that life in them is a burden. The collections of books and of valuable photographic apparatus are also exposed to the risks of wooden buildings. The library is very much more complete than was to have been expected, in view of the small amount of money at the command of the school, and the outfit for photography is admirable. The school is indebted to the intelligence of the officers who have had charge of them for the value of both of these collections. The nucleus of the library was a collection of books given by the War Department to the school at its beginning in 1824. In 1825, Colonel Archer, an artillery officer, dying, bequeathed his military library to the school. The next additions were made in 1858, and consisted of duplicates from the Military Academy and of books and instruments from the War Department. At present the number of volumes is about 6500. The collection is entirely professional. Lack of means renders it difficult to procure standard works, which are generally expensive, and limits most of the purchases to current periodical literature. With a little more money, a better house, and a competent librarian the school would very soon own as good a military library as is needed outside of the War Department.

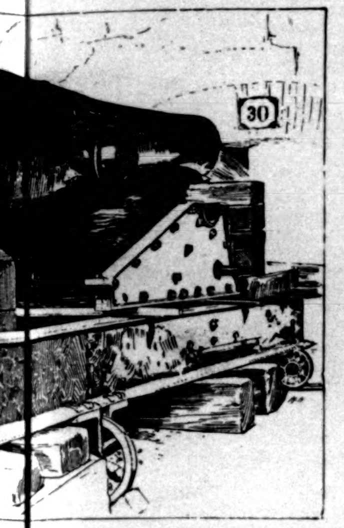
The history of the school has been one of advance in every department. It was established by general orders in 1867. The conception, however, was not new. Since 1824 there had been a "School of Practice," frequently interrupted, at the post. Its purpose was not then that which now governs the establishment. Now the school is for the instruction of lieutenants who have seen service with their batteries. There are five batteries at the fort, one from each of the regi-



MOVING CARRIAGE OF FIFTE



WHAT THE "JUBILEE SHOT" COULD DO

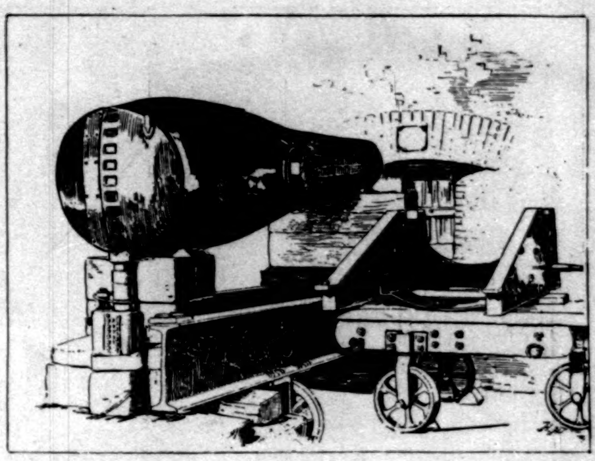


TEEN-INCH GUN—CARRIAGE READY.

ments of artillery. These are called "Instruction Batteries." Twenty lieutenants are detailed for instruction, four from each regiment. These first and second lieutenants serve for two years, the term of the course, with the "Instruction Batteries." The staff of the school consists of three field-officers of artillery, one of whom is the commandant of the post. The two others are superintendents. The captains of the five batteries are the instructors. This year there are six instructors. Captain Ingalls's battery having completed its tour of duty at the school, and having been relieved by another battery of the same regiment, the captain has been retained in order to complete his course, and it is not likely that the school will even then part with him. In addition to the instructors, there are assistant instructors who are generally of the grade of first lieutenant. Moreover, the twenty student-officers perform duties outside of their scholastic and military work. There is a school for enlisted men in which some of them are instructors; others act as instructors of their fellow-officers; while some assist in the mathematical and electrical work that is always pursued at the post.

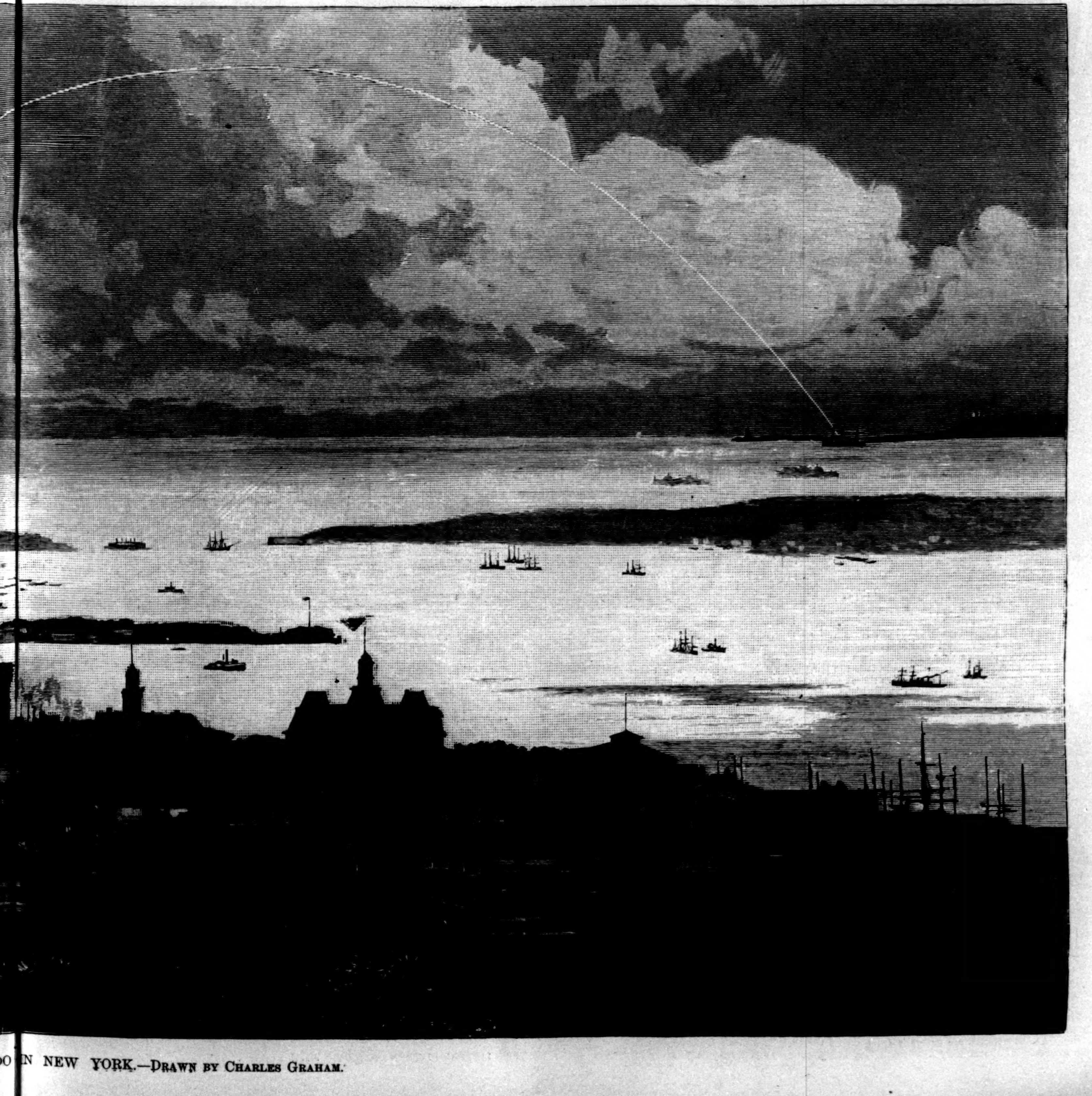
At the beginning, in 1824, the school was intended for the instruction of the young officers who had been assigned to artillery regiments on their graduation from the Military Academy. The course of that day was supplementary to the study and practice of West Point, and was as inferior to that of to-day as the ordnance of the Seminole War is inferior to the modern guns of Europe. Colonel Tidball, in his report for 1887, says that in those early days of the school "the instruction amounted to nothing more than should exist at every well-regulated artillery post." From the breaking out of the Seminole War until after the close of the Mexican War the school was discontinued. In truth, there was very little to teach that had not been completely mastered by actual service in the field. Ordnance experts were feeling their way through various forms of guns and mortars, siege pieces and howitzers, and only the most elementary scientific laws were resorted to for guidance. By 1855 artillery had made a good deal of advance. Something had been learned in the Mexican War, and the field and siege guns of the United States army were equal to the like arms used in Europe. In that year the Artillery School was reorganized, and it was placed upon a much better and higher basis than it had been. It was a drill school at the beginning; now it was proposed that it should be a real school of science. But the War of the Rebellion came too soon, and once more the army gained its instruction in the field.

From 1861 to 1865 the inventive genius of the country was exercised for the improvement of implements of war. The United States led the world in armament and armored ships. Its artillery was the largest and most effective, and the development on this side of the water stimulated the activity of all the great military nations of the world. Our Monitors and "Swamp Angels" have built the splendid navies of Europe, and have made the "jubilee shot" possible. When the war was over, our advance in the art of war came to a halt, and whatever aptitude we now possess for modern warfare, aside from the personal courage and quick adaptability of our people, is solely due to the scientific spirit and the professional enthusiasm of the officers of our army and navy. Instead of sustaining and stimulating that spirit and enthusiasm, the politicians have actually placed obstacles in their way.



MOVING CARRIAGE OF FIFTEEN-INCH GUN—CARRIAGE MOVED.

Other countries have gone on improving their arms, supplanting the great smooth-bores of twenty-five years ago with rifled cannon, machine guns, breech-loaders; replacing the wooden carriages with carriages of iron and steel; improving explosives; making use of the discoveries of science; and modifying and revolutionizing works of defence, until the heavy stone forts and earthworks, which are our sole reliance for defence, have given way to armored turrets and fronts. During all this time, until very recently, the government of the United States has been idle. Within a few years the Navy Department has undertaken the con-



IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.